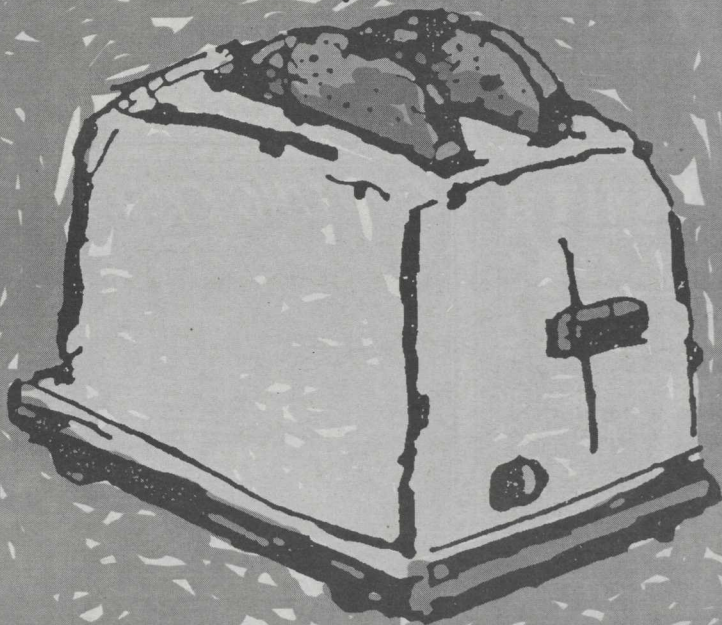


DISORDER

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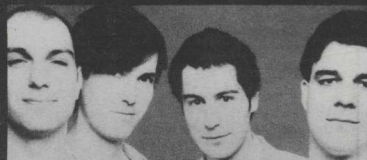


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DISORDER

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kiessling, james liston,	
brad martin	
contributors	
andrea, barbara a, ken a,	
james b, james b, sara b,	
barb, brady c, brock c,	
chris c, christina,	
michael c, reuben c,	
christina, bryce d, jason d,	
kevin d, chris e, joyvin f, karen	
f, gih, alia h, andy h, frank h,	
lee h, sophie h, sydney &	
heather h, robyn i, jono,	
anthony k, john l, sean l, lloyd,	
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COVER

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vancouver special

by dale sawyer & janis mckenzie

A delightful Christmas present for me was *Maximum Rabbit*, the second Faceplant compilation tape. Faceplant is a recording studio/practice space/sanctuary which, in its few years of existence, has built itself its own little scene whilst making a strong contribution to the Vancouver music community. The stuff on *Maximum Rabbit* may be all over the rock map, but its varied mosaic of cutting-edge bands is what gives it that oddball appeal. Kicking off with "Kute Like Karlo," Faceplant introduces the world to the "ambient punk with blood-curdling screams" of the **DIRTY HARRIETS**. I know that both the Harriets and Faceplant are capable of higher [recording] fidelity, since this soon-to-be-monster cut is a two-track room-mic take from a practice session. The fun is only beginning: the beer-drunked insanity of the **4 FOOD GROUPS OF THE APOCALYPSE**, the soulful Beck-influenced, folk-funk of **JAMES DEAN IV**, the Rocky Horror S&M show that is **REVULVA**'s aural assault, the "Boggye Gumbo" of

HOUSE OF BUGS, and the elegant and ironic challenge by **THE SPINE** will make you rewind repeatedly with giddy glee. Tracks by **ARTHUR ELLIS, ASH WEDNESDAY, KENNY D.**, and **BEN MAHONY** have a real icing-on-the-cake feel imparted by their inventive arrangements and studio whimsy. The set notes come when one realizes some very fine songs were recorded by now-defunct or limbo-dwelling bands such as **UN-EVEN STEPS, FISHBURGER**, and **MOHAN**. Ah well, plenty more where they come from, if the rest of *Maximum Rabbit* is any indication.

GAZE has blown back with a tape that will amaze. More glaze and less of K's lo-fi malaise, I'd be amazed if it doesn't faze they's of the laziest ways. "Shady" will dazzle. "Strike While It's Hot" will take days before it unfurls itself from your groys, and "Preppy Villain" lays ya in yer choice in a space-exploring haze. Having Rose from **Tiger Trap** on drums (and trays) really pays. Anyways, if you stays, Gaze will rise. Crazy.

The song "Freedom Drunk" from the **LAMPS** shows they're not just another bunch of shoddy guys. No dimbulbs here, these are actually a bright bunch of fellas. Epic, atmospheric guitar rock, like **Pavement** covering **Verve**. Plus bits where they rock out. When the massive crowd at the Starfish on 1/16 (with **Superdog** and **The Electrosonics**) saw how hot the Lamps were, the same phrase was on everyone's lips: "The Lamps are on!"

There's so much more I can't go into great detail about the actual music on the next few tapes live actually hate that music stuff here at CTR, so here's some sample lyric quotes from some recent tapes that I thought were absolutely excellent: "Oh, I love the Roxy/All those girls in their bikinis/I really love them/Yeah, I'm a preppie" (new waves **THE B-THEAM** with the five-song *The Quest for Sex*); "When I hold your hand you hold your nose [powerpop **Descendents** fans **BLISTERERS**' 12-song *"Cut the Shit" (I KILLED MY CAT) three-song tape,*

though it could be **J. Mascis** on bars, very late at night); "Just a hypocrite diphth sister-dissing dick-talking zombie-walking number" (the **Disturbed Company**-like **THIRD EYE TRIBE**, featuring **Kinnie Starr** sideman **Jacob Cino** [K.S. gets on the mic a couple times on this 11-song cassette]); and "..." (**THE FALCONS**' live in London cassette, recorded at the Pipeline International Music Convention in England and featuring cover art by **Coal's Nicole Stein**).

So many demos, so little time. The latter is in such short supply that I can only passingly mention the jazz-lounge-funk-bop of **CARROT REVOLUTION**, the progressive trance of **MATTHIAS** (produced by Dave Molecul), the free freedom of **ROOF BRAIN CHATTER** (live at the Sugar Refinery), and the vintage '80s material of **THE OCCUPANT** (ahead of its time; still sounds weird today). Plus the new songs "Hera" and "Perfect" by **BUG** rock out, and "Johnny's Got a Problem" by **PSYCHOMANIA** is a knock-out. Cheers.

local ad reviews!

This month, I've got three all-boy bands for you, ranging from pervasive pop to, well, the Dayglo Abortions. And just to let you know, I'm always looking for more local CDs to review here at Vancouver Special, so send them in (with bios) if you haven't already.

THE EMPYTS
Meatloafkanoise
(Bang On)
Even if you've never seen them live (okay, neither have I), you may have heard their demo tape, in rotation at CTR, "Opportunity's Holiday," which is probably the catchiest song of the 15 on this CD.

Rather than a slick pop sound, the empyts have recorded this live, and-gone-for-a-spare, stripped-down arrangement of reedy vocals, very basic bass and drums, and a guitarist who only rarely reaches for the effects pedals. While for the most part this makes for a fairly uniform toned-down, introspective sound, there are standout moments, such as the rockin' hillbilly psychobilly ditty, "Oyster Bay Road," that clocks in at a mere 1:48, and "Salvation Today," where the effects on the guitar make for a positively (well, relatively) lush effect.

With the exception of a few perhaps not-quite-necessary guitar noodles (as in "Last Train Leaving"), this is a pretty damn tight entry from what I can only assume is a pretty young band.

SPACE KID
Cerebral
(Humungous)
After a year or so of their demo tape, "Molly Ringwald," hovering around **DISCORDER**'s charts, **Space Kid** has finally released the song (and 12 others) on this thoroughly enjoyable CD. Loaded with pop-culture refer-

ences from childhood (like *The Six Million Dollar Man*, to name just one), very humour, teen-angst introspection, and inokes, this moves between tricky and dreamy, sincere and ironic, buzzy and straightforward, hard-driving pop. Postmodern boyrock that isn't (dare I say?) afraid to rock.

DAYGLO ABORTIONS
Corporate Whore
(A & R)
Lost, but certainly not least, is this latest release by our no-punches-pulled friends from Victoria. First of all, who would dare write anything against them?

As they say in their liner notes, to someone who did have the nerve to mess with them (in this case, to steal their gear): "Don't quit your day jobs cause we haven't even started with you fucks."

Yikes! This humble reviewer will only confirm what you probably already suspect—that after all these years (103 more!), the Dayglos still play harder and faster than just about anybody, are still pissed off, and still seem to have controversial opinions about plenty of different things. Go ahead, score your parents, and yourself, and listen to the Dayglos pound their way tirelessly through 15 songs about masturbation, urinal puns, incest, welfare bums, hiding drugs in one's rectum, large breasts, and more masturbation. Whew!

from the diary of Jonnie loaf boy

Jan 1st
It is now well past dinner time, and I have finally begun to fade. Last night I was "dependent credibility." It's amazing what a few martinis can do. The Virgin Murray was so shocked the almost choked on an olive. "Jonnie," he said, once he had regained his composure, "the correct phrase is *Indie Cred*. Get it right?"
There's a pimento stuck between your teeth," I replied.

In retrospect, I should not have spoken so harshly. Murray is very sensitive about the large gap in his teeth. Because of my thoughtless remark, the two of us got into a bitter argument over which of us has more Indie Cred, and I ended up boasting that in the New Year, I would rack up twice as many Indie Cred Points as him. Of course, none of us had any idea what an Indie Cred Point was, but by the end of the party, we had devised a scoring system, appointed judges and set up an appeal court. Most of the CTR hipsters at the party also wanted to participate in the contest, and now it seems that the whole station has become involved. Witchdoctor Highball and the Twins are the oddball favourites to win, but I fear that we have started an unhealthy station rivalry. I called Murray this morning to call off the contest, but he was a tad grumpy, and would have none of it. What a sad way to start this New Year.

I resolve to be less pretentious. I resolve to be less arrogant. I resolve to be more tolerant of other people's poor musical taste. I resolve to program more Canadian Content. I will quit smoking.

Jan 6th
DJ Dinette's indie Cred Points are going down the toilet. Today, she actually had Leora Kornfeld on her show. They were having some call-in thingy about CBC budget cuts and stuff, and frankly, it was nauseating. I called up and asked DJ Dinette what she was doing with Leora. "Aren't you worried about your Indie Cred?" I asked. "Aren't you worried that the hipsters will snicker behind your back? Aren't you worried about whisperings in the CTR lounge?" We all know the only reason to hobnob with CBC hacks is to get ahead in the industry. Can DJ Dinette really be considering a career in mainstream radio? I never pegged her for a shmoozer, but I tell you, the whole thing stank. "You can't buy, trade or sell Indie Cred Points," I told them. "Indie Cred Points are not refundable!" Leora did not take kindly to my concern. She took offense when I called her the man. I don't care. Budget cuts or no budget cuts, if you're hosting a show on the CBC, you are the man. She thinks that just 'cause she hosts a show for angst-ridden alternates that she's got Indie Cred. She's chatted up Kurt Cobain, so she thinks she knows what indie rock is. No way! This is real life, Leora, not MuchMusic!

Leora did not take my comments with her usual good humour. She called me a campus radio purist. Is that supposed to be a crime? She said, "I interviewed Sammy Hagar. Sick that in your indie pipe and smoke it!"
I'm like, "Who's Sammy Hagar?"
She said, "What rock do you live under, you campus radio purist!"

Apparently Sammy Hagar became the lead singer of Van Halen after they ditched David Lee Roth. Van Halen is the band that song that "Jump" song. Score me one Indie Cred Point! I take pride in my ignorance of mainstream culture.

Jan 10th
DJ Dinette refuses to talk to me, and she shoots me vicious glares at every opportunity. The Indie Cred Judges penalized her ten points for inviting Leora onto her show. I should never have called in. She shouldn't feel so bad though. The Editrix got penalized five points just for talking to David Wisdom in a record store. All this has done little to improve my relationship with DJ Dinette. She had almost forgiven me for the CRTC incident, and now I have muddled things up again. She is due to go before a CRTC panel in less than a month, so I imagine our relationship will only sink further into oblivion.

Jan 13th
Wrote the following message hastily to Patti Schmidt on one of those GAP postcards you get find in cafes:
My Dearest Patti,
In case you have heard exaggerated reports of my discussion with Ms. Kornfeld on a radio phone-in show, let me just say that I did not mean to imply that all CBC hosts are the man. I regret any emotional harm my comments may have caused. You, of course, have more Indie Cred than a defunct record label.

Love, Jonnie
P.S. Did you like the Christmas gift I sent?

Jan 22nd
Dale the Demo Guy has rejected the Witchdoctor Highball Symphony! That bastard will pay for his cowardice. I asked the Indie Cred Judges to penalize him 15 points for his lack of understanding of contemporary new music. They have delayed their decision, pending a full inquiry into my alleged theft of intellectual property. Apparently, Witchdoctor Highball was furious when he found out that I had taped his scores without his prior consent. I will have to sit down with him and explain the principles behind fair use.

A couple of days ago I also got a note from the Poetry Vix and Vixen regarding my submission. I read you ain't no poet, you should know if you tape in your indie pipe and smoke it. Ouch! It's one thing to be rejected by the Poetry Show, but it really stings when the rejection letter comes in the form of an atrocious poem.



Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

Jon, vocals, guitar; Alison, bass; John, drums (not present for the interview).

What's it like being on Positive Records? What else is on Positive Records?

Jon: Positive is an independent label based out of Langley that Tom got started up about two years ago to release the first gobs album. Since then, Another Joe is the only other band to release a CD on Positive and I couldn't be happier.

Alison: It's nice being on Positive because it's independent; it makes the production of things get done a lot easier 'cause it's not just the label, but the band also to see it through.

Jon, (a) why don't you cliff jump? (b) Why don't you ride skateboard ramps? (c) Why pee against the wind?

Jon: [laughs] I do cliff dive and ride skate ramps; apparently, Toni has been spreading rumours. I went with gobs and the Ripcords to Nelson for a show that was at a skate ranch, and I wouldn't drop into the ramps because my roommate broke his ankle the weekend before that at a bowl, and I had visions of that happening to me also. But that's history, so 'Hey, Tom! I'll go ramp riding with you any day, pal!' Alison: I haven't tried peeing against the wind yet, but Jon tells me it's a lot of fun.

Which gobs girlfriend is in Another Joe?

Jon: I think Theo from gobs and drummer John are seeing each other, but I don't know how serious it is.

Alison: Ahh... young love.

What do you think about gobs not being on Mint, anymore?

Alison: I think it's good. This way, gobs can move in a direction that's better for them.

Jon: Yeah, Mint did a lot of good things for gobs and I'm sure they appreciate that, but I don't think Mint is really suited for them.

Tell us about life in your hometown. What's it like to be punks [there]?

Alison: Langley has had a great punk scene with a lot of support from the kids. There's a lot of bands playing and a lot of those bands also put their own shows on independently.

Jon: Richmond doesn't have that huge of a scene, but its growing, which is kinda cool to see.

Is it true that for Another Joe funny things usually happen only out of town? Any interesting 'tour' anecdotes from your California and Alberta jaunts?

Jon: I don't have any anecdotes for tour — I'm actually kinda hoping someone is going to give us some. Alison: The only thing I can say is you can't take your band too seriously or you have to ignore them, 'cause I'm usually the one that gets the most abuse from the Jons.

Compare the differences between Club Paradise and the New York Theatre.

Jon: Club Paradise is heavy metal central with a bunch of drunk, long-haired, muscle shirt guys running around, and the New York Theatre was the best all-ages venue in Vancouver, but now it's closed.

What type of car do you imagine Moist drives?

Jon: They don't drive, they're chauffeured.

Alison: I think they share a car with Biff Naked, 'cause she's the token video girl for Moist.

Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them.

Alison: Jon, what do you think about having a girl in the band?

Jon: PMS.

Jon: Alison, what do you think about being in a band with guys?

Alison: Hair loss.

Anything else to add?

Jon: Keep your eye out for our new split CD with gobs, that's gonna be released in February 1997.

Alison: It's called Ass Seen on TV.

Discography:

Pea Against the Wind CD (Positive) forthcoming: Ass Seen on TV CD (Landspeed)

Contact name and address:

Another Joe, c/o PO 63061, 6020 Stevenson Hwy., Richmond, BC, V7E 2K0. (or for bookings call: 604.889.6470)



Who are you (names, ages, instrument played)?

Marc Godfrey: Psychomania is Jason Solyom, 22, on the drums. Ben Wildeman, 22, on bass. John "Woodie" Wood on various moog synths and you know who I am and what I do. I'm God's gift to Vancouver rock 'n' roll. If it wasn't for me, everyone in this city would sound like those wankers, Moist — all the cool bands in this city have already ripped me off.

How does Psychomania differ from other Marc Manhattan projects such as Big Can of Dogfood, The Valentinos or, say, The Sissy Boys?

Those previous projects were fuck bands. Psychomania is a fucking band. And our 10" is available in Sweden and Denmark and none of Psychomania's fanmail is in English.

Speaking of record labels, is Psychomania's label, Tonic Records, associated with Vancouver band The Tonics? No, it's associated with the drink, gin and tonic, which label president Kate Wattle is always soused up on. She's a young lady who prides herself on being able to drink her own weight in booze.

How does it make you feel that former Psychomania member Joel is now answering phones at the Viper Room?

I'm glad Joel of the Rattled Roosters has finally found a job he's good at — smoking cigarettes, talking on the phone and sitting on his ass all day. And when in Hollywood, I can go straight in the club without standing in line with Drew Barrymore. **What was it like to tour with the Forgotten Rebels, to all of places, Whistler, BC? Did your 'high heels' make out very well on the ice?**

I haven't worn high heels in a while.

The Forgotten Rebels are a swell bunch of guys. Mickey De Sadi's favourite Psychomania song is "Robot Bride 2B" and they let us carry their equipment. The Whistler show was pandemonium — a lot of drunk Australians. It was impossible to score drugs and in Victoria, drugs are twice the price. The whole experience made me realize how I take Vancouver for granted; dope is cheap and can be delivered to one's home quicker than ordering pizza.

You guys have played the Penthouse Cabaret quite a few times. Please describe "An Evening with Psychomania at the Penthouse." Please?

The club was originally designed to accommodate music (Sammy Davis Jr. played there) and I felt it was kind of wasted as just a strip joint. I started throwing special events there because of the trashy atmosphere and neon. We brought in Flash Bastard, El Ballistico, The Fiends, played Music West, etc. They put in a catwalk, which kind of ruins the feel.

In your humble opinion, who represents the Vancouver Old Skool? Who represents the Vancouver New Skool scene? Where does Psychomania fit in?

Psychomania are Grockers. Our album is part of the natural progression followup to the work pioneered by bands like the Modernettes and the Painted Sticks. The album actually has a sound rooted in Vancouver, not some generic alterna-grunge-city crap. I don't care about 'skool.' We're not concerned with following trends, we're concerned with starting them. Over all, Vancouver is a dead city full of toxicop. My album is the best album to come out of this city in years — I feel sorry for anyone who hasn't heard it.

Would Psychomania ever wear baggy pants?

I'm wearing baggy pants now. **Ask yourself two questions and answer them.** Q: Psychomania played the Christmas party for the cast and crew of the X-Files. Did aliens really crash in Roswell, in 1947?

A: To the best of my knowledge, it was a weather balloon... but then again, a lot of odd stuff was occurring in New Mexico and Arizona in the late '40s and early '50s. Wilhelm Reich was out there in the desert cloud busting, experimenting with orgone and, apparently, studying U.F.O. activity. It was the book of research he compiled which landed him

in jail, where he died. Reich's confiscated research has leaked out onto the Internet — the government banned his work in the '50s. The trippy test and all the early work on the atomic bomb happened in New Mexico. The Kern gate is down there. Whatever happened in Roswell could very well have been the military screwing around, and the US military has never been concerned with keeping the public informed about their endeavours.

What's the punchline to your favourite joke?

'Where else am I supposed to park my bike?'

Discography:

The Rebel Set CD (Tonic)

Back in the Jungle 10" EP (Tonic)*



JOHN (TO HIMSELF) "I'M SORRY FOR MY SINS. I DON'T WANT TO GO THERE."

HIS SLEEP'S ALL SHOT. AND SO IS HE! HEH, HEH, AND HE NEVER SUSPECTS ME!



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THE
BY BRIAN
WIESER
PHOTO-BAND

SADDLESORES



Playing their own brand of cow-punk music, Vancouver's Saddlesores are starting to make some hay in this city. Mere days after they won Shindig 1996, I interviewed the band on-air and found these cowboys to hold their cow-tongues firmly in cheek.

DISORDER: Is there a word that describes how winning Shindig feels?

Tony: There's really no word in English that describes how this feels.

Is there a word, in some other language, that does describe it?

Tony: It's kind of an Inuit throat-clicking thing. Listen closely on our song, there's a hidden track of it.

Have you ever considered entering other Battle of the Bands contests?

Tony: Well, if we'd considered Demolition, we'd meet The Fox. He's kind of mangy, but he's on icon.

And what would you have gotten from Shindig?

Billy: We got hookers that night, supplied to us from CJTR. Myself, I didn't partake in it, but Pinto ...

Tony: That takes care of all the women who were listening.

Billy: So we've completely destroyed one half of our market — no, I'm completely kidding. It was something our manager suggested. We had a really good time: the crowd was really receptive and the other bands were really great. When it came down to the finals, we played first and I thought for sure we were sunk. We thought, 'Who are the judges, we're gonna go buy them drinks!' because we thought we were gonna lose ...

Tony: ... And it turned out we didn't even need that big plate of Rice Krispie squares that we were gonna give to them. There was a big accident: we ate them all ...

What were you doing before the Saddlesores?

Tony: [with a hint of sarcasm] Waiting for this moment [laughs]. We played in some bands. I was actually in a band that lost in the first round of Shindig in 1985 called the Soreheads. A shout out to my homies in the Soreheads, who are now called Lozenge! We lost to a country band — so that's so karmic, doncha think?

Billy: I've been trying to pursue a music career

since I moved up here from down south. Believe it or not, I was actually born in Texas. When my mother and father divorced, I spent some time in California and now I do reside in Vancouver. I've been playing music in the city for a while, heavy metal kind of stuff, and I think that's where my influence comes in.

Rhinestone: I've been working on the farm chopping those chickens' heads off ...

Billy: ... There goes our chicken market — great!

Rhinestone: ... Played a bit of punk rock in the past with Billy here. We were in a band called Sludgepump — a few people might have heard of that.

Tony: Not to be confused with Sludgepump UK.

Rhinestone: Or Sludgepump X.

Tony: I had a brilliant career playing most hot in front of liquor stores making 1500 bucks a week.

You make more than that now, right?

Pinto: Well, there's not much money in this, but I get to wear a hat now.

There is a Saddlesore motif!

Pinto: It's a dress code: Western glam.

Tony: You can't tell on the radio, but we're wearing the most incredible outfits — even for us! Man, oh man!

Billy: It's glitter, it's flash, it's leather on the top, surface and underneath — and cowboy hats.

Who came up with the idea of the Saddlesores?

Tony: In one word, Pinto. In eight words, Pinto Pinto Pinto Pinto Pinto Pinto Pinto.

Is there a grand scheme, a plan if you will? Have you already got the first videos designed, the image, the look, the name of the record and everything that fits in?

Pinto: Absolutely. Everything's written out, everything's ready to go. We're feeding the horses, running them every day, and getting them ready for the videos.

Tony: We've been in some marketing meetings. When someone comes up with a good idea, one of the executives says, 'Whose baby is that? I like that a lot! Whose baby is that? Yeah!'

Have you guys ever considered touring?

Billy: As long as we could get a vehicle with a washroom.

Pinto: Or a lot of toilet paper.

Rhinestone: We'd actually like to head out to the Calgary Stampede next summer.

Tony: If Ace of Base needs an opening act, we're there!

Describe your dream bill, if you could have your own personal lollapalooza.

Tony: Johnny Cash, Tompkins ...

Billy: For personal reasons, I'd have to say David Bowie, but we'll leave the other boys out of that ...

Tony: ... And I didn't see [the movie] Rhinestone, but Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton doing a duet ...

Did you hear that Sylvester Stallone isn't going to do action movies any more?

Tony: That's why we're all wearing black. We're saddened and upset by that, but good luck to him. Shouts out to Sly Stallone!

Tell us about Garth Brooks.

Tony: He's six feet tall, he's got a headset mic and

a hat and he rules the world. He's the perfect mix of James Taylor and Kiss.

If you could wear wireless headset-microphones on-stage, would you?

Tony: We would, except people would keep ordering french fries during the show, and it would sort of disrupt the whole thing ...

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MATTHEW SHIPP

By Michael Chouinard

Photography by Barb Yamazaki

At 36, Matthew Shipp is quickly becoming one of the more exciting, young jazz pianists around. In last August's Downbeat critics' poll, he placed seventh in the "talent deserving wider recognition" category, alongside players like Geri Allen, Marilyn Crispell, and Jacky Terrasson. Cadence reviewer Michael Rosenstein described his playing as dazzling—densely abstract but with bluesy and lyrical touches. The reviewer also said pointblank that Shipp is "one of the masters of his generation."

Born and raised in Wilmington, Delaware, Shipp started playing when he was five. Mainly self-taught, he did take some lessons with private teachers and spent much of his youth playing with people in his hometown, before moving to New York in 1984. There he began working with such artists as saxophonists David S. Ware and the Art Ensemble of Chicago's Roscoe Mitchell. As well, he has recorded seven albums on his own, including his first solo recital, *Symbol Systems*. Future projects include more recordings with Ware and Mitchell, as well as more projects as a leader, including a string trio album coming out on Hat Art in March.

Shipp brought his trio, consisting of drummer Susie Ibarra and free jazz bass legend William Parker, to the Glass Slipper on Friday, December 13. (Sadly, it was the last show I'd see there because arsonists torched the performance space just over a week later.)

DISORDER. What influenced you to start playing? Shipp: A church organist in my parents' church—Episcopal Church. There was one anthem she used to play that I really, really liked.

What was it?

I don't know the name of it. It was a Gregorian chant type of thing. But anyway, I wanted to play that piece, so I asked her for organ lessons. She said [to start piano lessons first, so I started studying with her].

Did you ever take up the organ?

Yeah. A little at a much later date.

Miles Davis, I think, had boxing and painting aspirations. Were there any others you had? Boxing [laughs]. Funny you should say that. I wanted to be a boxer. I'm a big boxing fan. What did you think about the Holyfield-Tyson fight?

Oh, Holyfield's my boy. I love Holyfield. I've been saying for ten years—I've been telling people that I thought he actually could have beaten [Tyson] as a cruiserweight. I really believe that. I've been waiting for this for ten years. Twelve years actually. People don't give him credit. He knows what he's doing.

Did you ever take any boxing?

Oh, yeah, yeah. I boxed a little.

How does leading your own group compare to playing with David S. Ware or Roscoe Mitchell? I play with the same people. There's an ongoing vocabulary that's organically developing

between all of our music because there are people that play in William [Parker's] group that I play with in other contexts. So it's like a big family. There are differences. I get to structure the performance on my own whim even though I make this kind of a collective. I do set outlines for things. The big difference is that David has a very specific gestural way of leading the band. He does his thing—I don't want to say we have to follow him but there's a very set type of way performances evolve in [Ware's] quartet. I think the ebb-and-flow is a little different with the trio or duo where he's not in front. And also there tends to be a lot more of exploring different types of dynamics because we don't have the big sound in front of us. I do have a distinct compositional vision from David's. I definitely aim for different things, even though it's related.

What about Roscoe Mitchell?

That's a whole different ball game altogether. The big difference is David hired us specifically for what we do. William's been playing with David for years. And he heard my trio. He heard *Circular Temple*. Whereas Roscoe has basically been evolving the same concepts he's been evolving with his group and we had to adjust to that... he has a different compositional vision too. You look at bebop. Monk had a compositional vision. Charlie Parker had a certain thing. They all were very different people with different music despite the fact that they would play together. And it's the same with us. We're very different people with different music and different aims.

One of your albums came out on Henry Rollins' label.

Well, he has two labels and I'm on both labels. On Infinite Zero, which is a reissue label, he reissued *Circular Temple*, which is a trio album. On 2.13.61 Records I now have two records out on that label: *Critical Mass*, a quartet, and 22, a duet album with Roscoe Mitchell.

How did that come about?

I read an article in a magazine about Henry where he was talking about some jazz musicians. And I knew the guy that wrote the article, so I was talking to him and said I didn't know that guy was into jazz. He goes, 'Yeah, you should send him your stuff. He'd probably like it. He likes Charles Gayle.' So I sent him a package and he wrote me back. We just got a dialogue going from there, and he signed me. That's really basically it.

You were surprised?

Yeah. I didn't know much about him. I mean, I knew Black Flag, and I saw articles about it. It just happened to read this one and he was talking about jazz. I thought, 'Wow, I didn't know the guy from Black Flag liked jazz.'

I was reading a review in *Cadence* which described your playing as a synthesis between Andrew Hill and Cecil Taylor.

I would put Paul Bley in there, too, and Andrew Cecil and Monk and Bud Powell. Those are the people I feel closest to.

Are there other musicians specifically on other instruments who would influence you?

Coltrane. Who else? The painters Jackson Pollack and Mark Rothko. So many people... The list

goes on and on. Jimi Hendrix, African drum music, African drum choir music of all types. **Who are some of the up-and-coming musicians that excite you?**

I don't really listen to what anybody's doing, now that I'm too busy trying to make a living. I like Rodney Kendrick. I don't know if you know him—the pianist. But I really haven't kept up. There's a band in Europe called All the Dimensions of Music that really excites me. William's in it and there's an alto player, Danny Carter, Roy Campbell on trumpet and Rashid Bakar on drums. That's a band that really excites me.

I already asked what other influences there are on your music.

Abstract Expressionist painters and boxing. I really have a whole correlation between boxing and jazz that I pursue.

Can you elaborate on that?

I have a piece I wrote for a magazine called *Cake*, this fanzine out of Minneapolis. I wrote a piece on boxing and jazz. It'd be hard for

me to go into it right now. There's the same very fast transference of signals. There's the very complex type of pattern action that's generally, you know, its own space-time. The boxing match evolves second by second. There's the same mixture of improvisation and discipline... but the unknown is being unfolded at really fast rates.

What do you think the challenges of a jazz musician are now?

To survive.

First and foremost?

[Laughs] You should get this job. You'll see. It's almost impossible to make it. Then, if you do, it's a very hard life. [Surviving] is the major thing. It's very difficult.

Matthew Shipp Discography:

Points (Silkheart)

Circular Temple (Infinite Zero)

Duo with David S. Ware (Homestead)

This Dance is for Steve McCall with Roscoe Mitchell (Black Saint)



THE MATTHEW SHIPP TRIO Friday, December 13, 1996 Glass Slipper

This is certainly a review of personal firings. My first review, my first time at the Glass Slipper, and my first time seeing the Matthew Shipp Trio.

The Glass Slipper was obviously designed for listening. The elegantly simple, subtly lit stage made it clear this was not going to be a visual show, but a musical one. The trio took to the stage unceremoniously and simply began to play. Two sets, each about 60 minutes, of musical fluidity.

The amazing range of sounds and rhythms generated by the band headed and crashed up to frantic crescendos which left one gasping. Then they mercifully allowed the audience to briefly catch its breath during ephemeral, melodic lulls. Shipp adroitly ripped his fingers, hand over hand, up and down the helpless keyboard 'til it seemed exhausted. Bassist William Parker's mixed attacks and caresses of his double bass were remarkable, occasionally producing eastern sounding riffs mixed seamlessly with bowed and plucked sequences. Anchoring all of this was percussionist Susie Ibarra, masterfully utilizing the simple drum kit augmented by numerous stick types, maracas, bells, and other assorted percussive toys.

Both sets held the captive audience spellbound and we left smiling, as though awakening from a pleasant dream. Although this was an evening of firsts for me, judging from the comments I overheard upon leaving, I wouldn't be the only one going back for seconds.

SK

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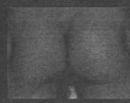
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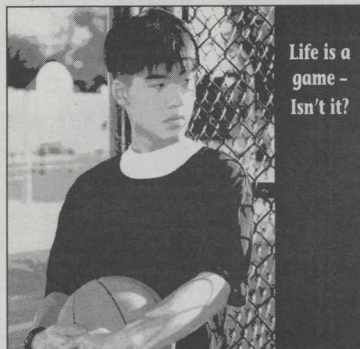
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The Oranj Symphonette is a San Francisco Bay area group that is making a name for itself, playing radically rearranged tunes by film/TV composer Henry Mancini. Members Matt Brubeck, Ralph Carney, Joe Gore, Scott Amendola and Rob Burger have played with a variety of artists over the years, including Tom Waits, Bill Frisell and PJ Harvey. You can hear this diverse background in their sound, which can switch at any moment from swing to punk to surf to free jazz. They've been gaining much attention since the release of their debut album on Gramavision. The group will be doing a six-date West Coast tour in mid-February, including a stop here at the Starfish Room on February 20th. DISORDER spoke to bassist-cellist Brubeck — son of jazz legend Dave — on the phone from Berkeley, California.



- by Michael Chouinard

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DISORDER: Why "Oranj"?

Brubeck: The main reason is that it's the colour one associates with the pop iconography of that era. There's actually a couple of Mancini greatest hits albums [with] orange backdrops. So it just kind of fit. And originally we were called The Oranj Mancinis, and we just retained the orange part. I didn't know if it was a secret or something.

No, there's no particular secret. It is a particularly lurid colour, though. It's actually coming back. We started a trend.

The band obviously has a lot of influences. There's of course the Tom Waits' connection. And I saw Rob Burger with Bill Frisell a couple of years ago. What else would be on the Oranj Symphonette resume?

Let's start out with Joe [Gore]. Of course, he spent most of 1995 touring with PJ Harvey. He's done a lot of different things — most notably the last few Waits' albums and Waits' recent live shows. And Joe has his own band called Action Plus which is playing quite a bit — pretty much weekly in San Francisco.

"You know there are songs out there that are just raw material. And you work with them or you don't. We do Mancini not because it's trendy. We do [it] because it's really good music to work with."

You guys seem to shift from one style to another really easily. [Do] these arrangements happen organically or does someone come into the rehearsal with a set idea like, 'We want to do a cha-cha version of "Moon River"?'"

[laughs] Usually in rehearsals what has happened is if anyone comes in with an idea it got warped pretty fast. Traditionally, I have done the arranging in terms of bringing in the piece of paper that everyone, quote, learns the tune with. But it's really a group process. So in that sense, yeah, it is very organic. And, actually, we often perform things quite differently than as on the record.

Some of our local lounge community were out for your last show. But I wouldn't exactly limit you guys by calling you a neo-lounge act. What is your take on the whole lounge scene?

Well, there is no one lounge scene. I think lounge means something pretty different up

there [laughs]. I really don't know. I'm not really an expert. This is the only, quote, lounge band I play in, and I don't think it's a lounge band. I think it has a repertoire that people associate [with lounge].

I guess of Mancini. There's something cocktail-ish about Mancini.

One phrase we kind of coined is the improv sessionsists from the "cocktail nation." Cause basically we are more sort of an improv band really more than anything else. If someone wants to associate [us] with lounge then they can do that. That's fine. I don't want to stop them. It's just as mysterious [to ask] as to just what bin do you put this in a record store. What attracted you to Henry Mancini's music?

I really was not a huge fan or any sort of expert. The inspiration of the band came from my wife. She had a lot of Mancini records in her collection. And she would play them for me, and she would say, 'You know this stuff is really good. Someone should do something with it.' And a few months later, this Radio Valencia [club] gig came up. We just decided to make Mancini the organizing principle of that improv gig. We could have gone in there and done anything. But that's what we decided to do. And it was actually so successful that we decided to stick with it.

The Downbeat article I was reading said some critics thought Mancini was too schmaltzy. Was there really much criticism?

I think the criticism was more [that] people thought we were jumping on some sort of lounge bandwagon or being opportunistic. You know there are songs out there that are just raw material. And you work with them or you don't. We do Mancini not because it's trendy. We do [it] because it's really good music to work with.

Yeah, I know Naked City used it. Sun Ra used it.

Yeah, it's funny. I wasn't aware until we played Radio Valencia that 'A Shot in the Dark' had been done by Zorn. It's a really funny story. My wife heard someone at the table at Radio Valencia say to someone else when we were

playing it, 'Isn't that a John Zorn song?' I thought, 'Wow, we've really come full circle.'

I guess people don't have any memory ... Downbeat said the next project will probably move beyond Mancini. Do you have any clues as to where?

All of us are especially intrigued by film music. And I think there are a lot of good film music themes out there that would be a lot of fun to resurrect back into the public consciousness. And we could keep doing some Mancini stuff. We can put Henry in there in good company with some other people. To tell you the truth, we really haven't decided what we're going to do. We've never really discussed being an original music band. Let's put it this way: if someone asked us to score a movie, we would do original music. And I'm sure we would do it just brilliantly [laughs]. But I think we'd like to take other material and work with it. By other composers. It's not in our charter or anything [laughs].

THE Pee Chees SENSATION

We met Oakland, CA's Pee Chees in a room in the St. James Community Square which was decorated for pre-school kids. There were multicoloured rainbows, teddy bears and stars made of paper everywhere. We were all incredibly wet and exhausted as we sat on the floor talking and listening to the hip-hop bass drones coming from the next room.



BY JIM VAN DER MEER, LORI KIESSLING AND
OUR FRIEND FROM THE STREET NAMED ERIN.
PHOTOS BY LORI.

Molly: So what do you have to do to get on the cover of *DISCORDER*? We saw Sleater-Kinney on the cover.

Jim: Um, I don't know. I think the choice is random.

Molly: Damn it.

Jim: How did you guys get the band together considering that you are or were in bands from other places?

Molly: We were friends so we just decided to do a project together. Carlos and Rob lived in San Diego and I lived in Oakland, so Chris and I went down for a weekend to practice with them for something fun to do. We ended up writing four or five songs and it was really good. We just came up with songs on the weekends for a while, recording them and doing whatever, and finally we ended up living in the same place and started putting out records.

Jim: You said that the first few songs came together well. Did you have a concept in mind or did you just jam until you came up with something?

Carlos: When we first played together, we tried out different combinations of playing instruments and one of the songs was done in the configuration that we are in now and that seemed to be the best. We didn't have any preconceived ideas, it was just based on character, because we liked each other as friends and thought that it would be cool because of what we knew of one another.

Erin: What is going on in Oakland these days?

Chris: There are a lot of young bands, but it's kind of hard to talk about because it is really competitive. All of the bands that we are friends with are singular unto themselves. There's not really a scene where people get enthusiastic about the other bands.

Jim: I've never heard of a competitive scene before.

Molly: You haven't?

Carlos: Believe me, it will get to Canada soon.

Jim: What do you think about it?

Carlos: It's the death of punk.

Jim: So is it difficult to get a gig together? Is there animosity?

Molly: I don't think it's like that. I've been in communities where you just couldn't wait to see each other's bands and in Oakland it seems that there's just ambivalence towards other bands. I don't think it's the point to dwell on. It's not the overriding sense of what our community is like. I think every music scene goes through that.

Chris: I've lived in Oakland longer than the [others] and it has always been that way. There has definitely been a scene in the area and everyone is friends, but it seems to me that the social aspects of a music scene were always one thing but they aren't really separated from the bands. In that sense, people would go see their friends' bands play, but they're always trying to one-up them.

Molly: That kind of thing can be good, as long as you're always trying to get better.

Carlos: The scene that me and Rob were a part of in San Diego was close-knit and it was like a package deal wherever we went. It wasn't like bands would go places, but the whole entourage would go. I met a lot of people that way and thought it was awesome rather than the competitive thing.

Playing Victoria last night was a lot like playing San Diego a long time ago where it was just, like, kids who were into music and just were excited to get out and see a show on a Friday night.

Jim: When was your first performance as the Pee Chees?

Carlos: May 4th.

Chris: We played a skate park and in between bands there was a screen they would roll down and show videos of snowboarding and surfing and play really fast punk rock.

Carlos: They wanted us to play while they were skating but we wouldn't do it so they booted us.

Jim: Do any of you engage in arts other than music?

Carlos: I am a salsaero [sic]. A salsa dancer.

Jim: Is that an aspect of your stage presence?

Carlos: Not really.

Molly: He is a karaoke performer too.

Jim: What's your favourite song to perform in karaoke?

Carlos: "Bossa Nova Baby" and "Hard to Handle."

Jim: Were there any gigs you saw a long time ago that gave you the initiative to do it yourself?

Carlos: End of the Line from San Diego.

Chris: For me it's Rice [band that Molly was in], which is kind of weird.

Erin: Isn't that the band that only sings about rice?

Chris: Yeah.

Carlos: Those idiots.

[laughs]

Chris: I tend to not remember those influential bands so much because they're not the ones that are really obvious. There were the big shows that I looked forward to and got really excited about and there were the other shows that I remember as magical and transcendental but were totally unexpected.

Jim: How did you learn to play?

Carlos: I took guitar lessons in junior high school,

which was the breaking point between me and my friends. I don't know if it's like this here, but where I come from there is a major gang problem. As my friends were putting their skateboards away and grabbing guns, I was pulling away and grabbing a guitar and Dead Kennedy's records.

So I learned in school and carried my guitar around being called a fag and stuff.

Jim: I wouldn't say that we have a gang problem as much as a faux-gang problem.

Carlos: Yeah, here it is amazing. You guys don't have any social problems compared to

San Diego. I am completely fascinated by this country; I've never been in a country like this.*



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How do you interview a bunch of goons like the Hansons? One misconstrued question and it's off with the gloves, goodnight interviewer. Unlike local nice-guy band Nomeansno — whose checkered run-ins with the Hansons have become almost legendary — these guys play dirty with a vengeance (it was this same game ethic that propelled their cousins and the Charlestown Chiefs to notoriety). So it was with minor trepidation that I set out for the Town Pump before their Nov. 15th show, unsure and anxious as to who their publicist would place in front of me. Would it be Hockey's answer to Friday the 13th, Robbie Hanson? Their valiant leader, Johnny Hanson? The chipmunk Tommy? The monosyllabic Kenny? Or God forbid, some riotous combination (the Hansons fight with each other almost as much as they do with their opponents). Fortunately, I was greeted by an unmasked and relatively articulate Robbie Hanson, who thankfully managed to keep the gloves on for the duration of the interview. So here ya go, the results of my one-on-one with the Hanson Brothers.

by Jason Stinson



The Hansons - Offside at the Commodore Ballroom. PUCK ROCK. Photo by Paul Clarke.



DISORDER: How do you guys spend your time during the off-season? Do the Hansons have day jobs?

Robbie Hanson: [laughs] Yeah, we work in a brewery. We get paid in beer.

Good gig. Recently you've become affiliated with your cousins, the 'other' Hansons. How did that come about?

Uh, they're trying to get on the bandwagon, those scumbags, they're trying to ride our coattails to stardom [laughs]. That's alright, it's all in the family. We love 'em.

Any jealousy there, seeing as how they're still playing the great game of hockey professionally?

Well, uh, I could have been a great hockey player too, except for the fact that I can't skate — that was the only thing that held me back — otherwise I'd have been a star. But I get my own back on stage, so I don't worry too much about it.

So how's the drive to get Tiger Williams into the Hockey Hall of Fame going?

Thousands of ballots have come back. It's zing. Thousands of ballots. People have faxed, like, 20, 30-nape petitions. People have been xeroxing their ballots that come out of the CD to get ten of them and get other people to sign 'em. Touched a real nerve there, which is great. I don't know if it'll ever amount to anything, but if the one thing that happens out of all this ridiculousness is that we might get Tiger considered for the Hall of Fame, that will make it all worth it. That'd be great.

The majors have passed you punk rock Hansons over, but have you ever been approached to play by the Vancouver Voodoos?

No, and I don't know ... There's something candy-ass about that, that roller-blade hockey. I mean, c'mon, get out there at 40 below and use the buffalo chips for a puck ... But we're approachable by anyone, as long as they're willing to put up with us and pay us a lot of money [laughs].

On that note, how's Virgin been treating you?

Well, we're taking them for the ride of their lives [laughs]. Their cheque book is gonna be sore by the time they're finished with us. It's been fun, I hope they're having fun. That's what we're in it for, and if we can get them to pay for all the expenses, fine. Of course, our coach, Laurie Mercer, is into bilking the big boys.

What do you think of GM Place anyway?

It sucks, but it's the only place to see the Canucks. The Pacific Coliseum was way louder, way grittier, way better. It's like, y'know, being on an airplane, watching the movie. But, still good hockey. Good hockey's good hockey in any stinkin' environment.

So where's the best place in Vancouver to watch a game?

I will sometimes watch games at the local pub in New Westminster where I live. I wish that we could get a minor league, a WHL, or a kinda league like that — go back to the Pacific

Coliseum or out to Queen's Park in New West where the Bruins used to play. That would be really neat. I mean, I love NHL hockey 'cause it's the best, but the other stuff is even more fun. We used to watch the Cougars all the time at Memorial Arena in Victoria — and that was hilarious, because it went from being totally exciting to being so bad, it was unbelievable! And you'd have, like, 2000 people there, and it's usually crazies who've come to every game since 1946, right? It just went on, and the characters that hung around [were] amazing.

Do you remember the first time you ever heard a Ramones song?

I do indeed. It's when I first bought the album. I saw a full page ad in Rolling Stone and it said 'The Ramones' and there they were standing up against this wall and I said, 'They don't look like brothers.' [laughs] So I bought it, and I heard 'Blitzkrieg Hop', and then kinda sat there stunned for the whole album and played it again. Then I played it about 40 times after that until I had no friends in my own age group anymore. They all thought I was insane.

Tommy does the best Dee Dee I have ever heard. Does he have any ambition to embark on a solo rap career?

[laughs] Only if you can get the dribble somehow to come through on the vinyl. That would be interesting. It would be sorta like Dee Dee's rap career. That is one of the most hilarious albums I have ever heard. Poor Dee Dee.

Aside from renting Youngblood, what advice can you give to youngsters who want to toughen up?

Get out and play on every street corner. Play, play, play. Same with musicians — you wanna do it! Then just go out and do it. Do it really, really hard. You may not get any good, but you'll have a lot of fun.

Odgit vs. Oglethorpe: who's goin' down?

Oh, Oggie and Odgit. I think Oggie would win that one. Oggie's a classic. I'm talkin' about his prime years. These days he might not be much of a problem. But on a real note, the Brother and Odgit combination on the Canucks — that's lookin' good. I'm lookin' forward to seein' them kick some real serious Canadiens' butt.

Predictions on score?

I don't know. It'll be a high scoring game. I'd say, loss up, five something for the winner [final score: Canucks 1 Canadiens 6].

Have you had any problems with American promoters trying to incorporate 'puck-tracking' technology into your live shows?

[laughs] American promoters have never tried to put us off the stage, they've never tried to help us or abet us in any way, shape or form. We're goin' down there though, so screw 'em. We're gonna try and tie into the NHL, blue-collar kinda hockey crowd, with the help of the real Hanson Brothers. I'm hoping we hit most of the major hockey towns in the States.

The big news is: you guys are doing a video?!

I think we are, actually, but again, this depends on someone else's ability to pay for it. I despise videos, but the Hanson Brothers will go to any lengths to propagate their vicious mentality. Again, it's part of the fun. If we can get our noses onto these — these stupid video programs — that would be hilarious.

And you're doing a video project with the 'old-time' Hansons ...

I hope so. They're into it. They're making a video themselves, sort of a rock 'em sock 'em Hanson video, that's in production and they're gonna get us to do the soundtrack. [Johnny Hanson walks in.]

What does the eight-ball say about the Canucks' chances this season? [Right on cue, Johnny pulls out a magic eight-ball from his equipment bag.]

Johnny: Just a sec ...

The guy has an eight-ball

Johnny: What is the specific question that you'd like me to answer?

Uh, will the Canucks win the Stanley Cup this season?

Johnny: Will the Canucks win the Stanley Cup this season? Johnny shakes the magic orb and waits for an answer. The pressure mounts ... It's reluctant to answer a question ... Most likely: The eightball never lies.

One last question for Johnny: do you remember the first time you ever heard a Ramones song?

Johnny: Uh ... God. Well, the first time I heard a Ramones song I hated it. [Robbie laughs.]

Johnny: That was in my mom's living room in probably 1978, I guess, or '77. But then I went and saw D.O.A. and realized this was my music, there were my people around uh, went and saw Rock and Roll High School when it came to the theatre and knew then that the Ramones were the gods of Rock and Roll.

Robbie: But he got drunk and passed out in the middle of it. And with that I highballed it outta there, feeling pretty damn rockin' to still have all of my teeth. The Hansons are a local institution for all of us Ramones-lovin', rink rat goombahs. Not since 'Nomeansno Clones the Ramones' has Vancouver punk been so ridiculously dumb. Viva Los Hansons! *

Hanson Brothers Discography:

"We're Bad" [Written by the Hansons, "stolen" by Nomeansno]

Jello Biafra with Nomeansno LP/Alternative Tentacles

"My Girlfriend's a Robot" [Blobs Vol. 1 7"/Way Out Records]

Sasquatch: the Man, the Myth, the Compilation 7" [Kirkdog Records]

Grass Misconduct LP [Alternative Tentacles]

v/a Johnny Hanson Presents Puck Rock Vol. 1 [Wrong Records]

Sudden Death LP [Essential Noise]

"The Hockey Song b/w 'The Enemy' 7" [Essential Noise]



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DISORDER spoke to (K) label-chief/pop star/youthquaker/impresario/heartthrob Calvin Johnson via the miracle of telecommunication. Narcotic, Dub Narcotic Sound System, 'soulsville USA,' Dub Narcotic Sound System's latest remixes EP with Lois, Dub Narcotic Sound

DUB NARCOTIC

A.J.: Can you explain the difference between Dub Narcotic and Dub Narcotic Sound System?

Calvin: Oh, well ... Dub Narcotic studio was where the action is, and Dub Narcotic Sound System is [LONG pause] more, uh ... It's not really anything. It's more an idea. Dub Narcotic is a place.

Whereabouts is Dub Narcotic, the studio, located?

I'm in Olympia.

I've heard rumors that it's located in a basement below where you live — is that correct?

[eating food] Yeah.

What was the first thing that got done there?

The Mukilteo Fairies. Or, no, I'm sorry, not the Mukilteo Fairies ... wait, I got confused ... goddamn! It's the ... I'm totally spacing out ... Yeah, the Mukilteo Fairies. They were the very first thing. Actually, they were the first thing and I think they were the second thing too, because they came back and did some more. Two of the people from that band are in Behead The Prophet No Lord Shall Live — I think they played up there at one of Nardwuar's shows.

So they were the first ones to christen the studio ...

I think so ... Yeah, they were great. In fact, their set list is on my wall, still here at the studio. So when people come here for the first time they always look at it and then they say, 'What is that?' because it has these great song titles like 'Holy Leighton Boys,' 'We're Not Your Entertainers,' 'We're Enough For You,' 'Who's Been Fornicating in My Bed,' 'Making Plans For Confrontation' ... People are always like, 'What is that?' Are you always behind the controls any time something is recorded at Dub Narcotic, or do you sometimes hand over the reins? Sometimes other people work there.

Such as?

Diana [part of Dub Narcotic Sound System's Boot Party crew] and Phil Eck worked on the Halo Benders album there.

Where's he based?

Seattle ... [loud, distorted voice] SEATTLE. What was that?

Nothing.

Unfortunately, I don't think that's going to be transcribed too well because it's a print interview — but it was entertaining nonetheless ... So, Dub Narcotic Sound System — how did it get started? Was it started as just a hobby or did you always realize that it would have a life of its own? So you consider most of the things I do 'not' a hobby? What do you mean? Everything I do is a hobby.

OK, fair enough ... Your first release as Dub Narcotic Sound System was just entitled Dub Narcotic — is that correct?

[grunts] Ugh! Yeah?

Uh huh.

At the time that you released that single, was Dub Narcotic an established project at that time?

Sure, No, I was like, 'Yeahhhhhh! I mean, have you ever heard of Bo Diddley? He did a single called *Bo Diddley*, and the very first single by Public Image [Ltd.] is called *Public Image* and, um, there's probably some other examples ...

Yeah, there's plenty of other examples ... Well, I thought, 'The first single I want to be called Dub Narcotic.'

Who helped you out on the first Dub Narcotic single?

Nobody.

Was it just you?

Oh, wait, Tae [of Kicking Giant fame] played some bongos on it.

How many different incarnations of Dub Narcotic have there been now?

Well, a lot of different people have come and gone.

So is Dub Narcotic Sound System always going to be that kind of a project — constantly metamorphosing?

It seems like we've got a lot of different things to do. A lot of stuff to work on, you know?

What about all the different people that are on Boot Party — how do you know them? How are you acquainted with them? Um, let's see ...

'Cause there's a lot of names I'm not familiar with, from other K projects and otherwise ...

So what do you want to know?

How did you hook up with, say, DJ Sayeed, or Todd Runslow, or Larry Butler, or ... DJ Sayeed, he's in a group called Black Angel. They did a record on K, and they've got another one coming out really soon

Don't Be Shy: A Valentine's Suggestion

and he's from Tacoma, which is where ... Well, there's this group called Dead Presidents that we'd done a record with before, and they're friends with Black

Angel and Brian was in Dead Presidents and so was Todd, so, we kind of met them that way. And Larry, the drummer, who plays drums and all that, he was an old friend of theirs from high school. So, you know, just friends, and friends of friends ...

When did you get interested in recording in areas such as dub, and funk, and hip-hop — all of which are part of the quilt that is Dub Narcotic Sound System?

As soon as I heard it.

OK, but from your other projects — Beat Happening and the Halo Benders — with the exception of a couple of remixes, there wasn't much of a hint that there was an interest in those styles of music and there never really seemed to be an attempt to move into those areas. So, when did you decide that you wanted a project that would move into those areas?

[huge pause] Well, those projects are just doing what comes naturally, the same as this one — just because ... You're kind of making an assumption that if we're making music that sounds like Beat Happening then we're listening to music that sounds like Beat Happening and there isn't any music that sounds like Beat Happening, so why wouldn't [the inspiration] have come from the first Kool and the Gang album as [much as from] the first Half Japanese, you know? Cause if you listen to the first Half Japanese, he was covering James Brown on the very first recordings, and it seems like a lot of people who ask those kinds of questions, they have a very naive view on music and race. Like, 'There's black' music and 'white' music — and there's a lot of music that has lots of different kinds of backgrounds, and I don't think it's that surprising that I'm interested in something that isn't 'white' — and I don't think that it's that surprising that those influences might seep into my work.

I'm not surprised by it in the least; the only thing I'm trying to get at is when you realized that you might want to do a project in that area.

Well, I said I wanted to from the very first time I heard any of it, but it takes a while to get there — 'cause I don't just sit down and say, 'Hey, let's do a reggae song!' That isn't how I usually work. So it kind of seeps in as you learn how to make songs in one way, and then you realize, 'Wow, I could also make them up this way!' And so then they start coming out this other way — I'm not the kind of a musician who can just play anything, and I'm glad, because I don't want to — and then I'm working with people like Todd and Larry and Brian who [speak] that language. So, you know, Heather [Lewis, of Beat Happening] listen[ed] to R&B all the time, but that wasn't

is from Stax — his name is William Brown. He was a singer at Stax in a group called the Mad Lads.

Who were amazing.

And he's also engineered tons — like all the Bar-Kays albums, and tons of other people. He's worked with everybody. He's a really great guy, so he did both our sessions at Royal.

What sessions were those?

We did an EP that was called *Ridin'* Shotgun that was recorded there — and there's a new EP coming out in February called *Bone Dry*.

What can we expect to see on that?

Four songs. One of them is called

'Bass ... [?]' we got to work with some horn players in Memphis, which was really great. We worked with Ben Colley who was one of the original Bar-Kays, he's a trumpet player.

So, is that whole musical network still going on in Memphis?

Yeah, the thing is that it's really quiet there. I mean, things are pretty slow and pretty dispersed — there was this quote, something like: 'Nothing ever happens here, but it happens all the time,' or something like that — it's just a place where it seems like nothing is ever going on, but things are going on all the time there. You know, we'd go there and there'd be ten people at our show, and people would say, 'Yeah, nobody ever goes to shows here blah blah blah,' and then we'd meet Luther Dickinson whose father is Jim Dickinson, who played on tons of records, and he'd say, 'Yeah, I'm in five bands and I play, like, six nights a week and ...' And I'd say, 'Wow, where do you play?' You know, it's happening if you know where to look.

I got that sensation when I passed through there a few years ago — it seemed like you had to scratch beneath the surface a lot more than you might have to in some other cities.

Yeah.

But it seemed like there was a hell of a lot going on.

Well, if you ever go there, there's a record store [and label] called Shangri-la and they publish something called *The Low-Life Guide to Memphis* — it costs like a buck, or something — but it tells you all the ... historically, where everything is that ever happened, plus it tells you the places to go to now, that are pretty cool. The woman who works there, Andrea, she set up our show, and there was this guy called Lucky Can who's an old blues guy that was on Hi Records. He's in his 70's probably, but he was playing a show and she took us over to see him, and she's

'Like, 'There's 'white' music — of music that's different background, think surprised, interesting, something isn't



ons from his headquarters in Olympia, WA. We discussed Dub Narcotic's upcoming and Memphis horns-backed Bone Dry EP, etc., etc.

ROOTIO

just pretty connected ... But, yeah, just the whole Memphis idea of it being this cross-roads where lots of different things came together, it's really interesting to me ... Have you read *Last Train to Memphis* is that one of the books that you've read? I haven't read that one yet. That's that Peter Guralnick one that's a bio—well, it's supposedly a bio of Elvis' early years but ... Oh, yeah. But it's really sweeping, and you really get an amazing sense of what was going on in Memphis in the late '40s to late '50s. I've read a couple of other books by him: *Sweet Soul Music* has got a lot

settling, and coming there for different reasons, and then it was settled before the advent of mass transportation and rapid transit you had really different cultures in Alabama than you did in Louisiana. Whereas you get 200-300 miles away from here and it's basically the same. You can thank cable TV for that. Yeah, so it's definitely got a whole different feel to it—that area—and still, even with the advent of cable TV and the automobile, it still retains a lot of that rural flavour. So how's [the *Ship to Shore EP*] doing? 'Cause it's amazing—it's really good. Thanks, yeah ... well, we did that song for the album and everyone seemed to really like it

record store. But they each have a really different approach ... Is *Lois* going to be the next Tracy Thorne? Um, I don't know ... she's always gotten that comparison. Is she going to have a 'drum-n-bass' outing next? I don't know. We're really excited to work with her some more, but she's got other projects. Whenever she's ready, we're happy to do stuff with her. What kind of other projects does she have? Well, that's kind of off-topic ... She had gone off on tour for a while and she'd been to Japan. Right now, she's the manager of the Capitol Theatre in Olympia, which is a venue that shows films four nights a week and has other events. Including gigs. And so she's taking that over, and she's kind of taking that on as her one big art project, because she wants to have other kinds of events there besides music. So I think she's developing some ideas for that space, and that's what she's putting all of her energy into right now. I know she's playing music with a bunch of people, and I know she's going to be going out on tour again to the East Coast for a two week stint. So, yeah, she's got a lot of stuff going on right now.

Ann Peebles?
Not really. We haven't really listened to her much in the van ... a lot of other soul and R&B, and there's some weird jazzy shit that I'm not that into ...
Such as what?
Oh, I don't even know.
You just block it out of your mind.
Yeah, it doesn't really interest me. So, you know, just whatever—a lot of soul, and we've got a lot of Memphis compilations that we listen to, Massive Attack has also become a favourite on tour ...
Well, that's pretty much all I have for you, so do you have any New Year's wishes for our readers, or any Valentine's Day suggestions?
Valentine's Day? My only Valentine's Day suggestion is: don't be shy.
[p.s.] And do you have a regimen for maintaining your voice?
No.
You don't smoke a pack of 'Kool's a day? Constant abuse seems to be the only regimen.
Do you have a throat lozenge of preference?
No. Do you have any suggestions?
Well, I hear that Jonathan Richman uses Zand brand throat lozenges.
Yeah, but he's got a really great voice, so he's got something worth protecting.
Ah, c'mon ...
If I was Jonathan Richman, I'd be worried about it too—he should get insurance, or something, on that thing.
Like Mary Hart's legs, or something.
Yeah.
Well, thanks very much.
Well, thank you.

from Calvin Johnson of Dub Narcotic by a.j.

of Memphis in it, and so does *Feel Like Going Home*. And I have that book *Last Train to Memphis*, but I haven't read it yet.

What are the books that you've read [on Memphis]?
I read those two Peter Guralnick books, and there's one by Peter Gordon called *It Came From Memphis*.

That's a pretty recent book, right?
Yeah ... It's got a forward by Peter Guralnick, actually. This book is great, though, because it really talks about the underground history—It crosses over into people like Booker T, and these people, but mostly as they relate ... They're from Memphis, and they grew up there. It sort of talks about native Memphis people, and how they discover music and how different things influence their lives. It sort of traces the underground history from the '40s all the way into the '90s—it's really, really cool.

Of course it was all inextricably linked with the politics and what was going on in society at the time—there were all kinds of reasons why Memphis was just bubbling over with talent and aspiration in the '40s and '50s—it's really fascinating, I think ... Yeah, I read the book by Carl Perkins, which is pretty corny, but it gives you—like what you're saying—a lot of the social background of what was going on there, especially in terms of race.

And Memphis had the ability to draw people from so many different locations. People were coming up from Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Arkansas, and wherever, just to be in Memphis.

It's interesting that because that area had been settled so early, it had a richness to it that we don't have here in the West, because there's nothing here that's more than 140 years old; the culture here is pretty homogeneous, as compared to somewhere in the South where there's been several different groups of people coming and going, and

—especially Larry, Todd, and Brian, because they'd recorded that as just a baseline, with just bass, drums, guitars—and then I said, 'Hey, Lois, wanna write a song?' and she said, 'Yeah,' so it was recorded before she even wrote the song. She recorded that and when they heard it—they thought it was just a throwaway [their original bass line]—I was like, 'No, this is a great something—I don't know what it is, but it's great—it's going to be something great' and they were like, 'Yeah, whatever,' but then when they heard her voice on it they were like, 'Wow! She can sing! This is great!' I mean, they had seen her play before, but somehow ... I mean, they were kind of in awe of her in a way, just because she had records out and stuff. But then when they heard this they were like, 'Wow! She's really good' and they wanted to do more work with her, and so we got a tape of her new album, *Infinity Plus*.

Which is also excellent.
Yeah, and so we said, 'Why don't we do one of these songs?' and 'Rougher' seemed like a really good choice—and so we asked her if that would be all right and she said, 'Sure!' So who were the people who worked on the remixes?

Oh, the remixes? Well, we have a guy that we work with a lot in Seattle and he was really into that song. He said, 'You know, you should really get some remixes going.' So he—his name's George Orlandic [sic]—and he's an old friend of mine who used to work at KAOS [Evergreen State College's radio station] down here, and stuff, and he sort of does our distribution up there. So he was really into the idea of getting some remixes done. He kinda came up with the idea of getting some Seattle DJs.

So they're all Seattle-based?
All three of them are, yeah—and I actually had known Riz and Massa [sic] but I didn't know Nathan before.

Who's 'Nathan' is that 'DJ Dervish'?
Yeah, I'd never met DJ Riz, but I was aware of him—he'd done work down in Olympia before and stuff—so I just thought, 'Hey, that'd be an interesting experiment, let's give it a try and see what they can do.' I'd known Massa for a long, long time because he used to work at Sub Pop and he used to run a

How extensively did [Dub Narcotic Sound System tour last fall]?

Two months around the US, which is really nothing, compared to, like, Beck who goes on tour for six months at a time. Being on tour for two months is really not that big of a deal ...

How many cities did you hit?
We played every night for two months, so, like, 60 shows.

Did you make it up to Canada at all?
Yeah, we played in Montreal, and Ottawa, and we played Toronto.

Any chance of your coming up to Vancouver any time soon?

Well, we're not really doing any shows for a while. We're taking a couple of months off and I don't know what we're going to do after that. But the Halo Benders, we're working on a new record, which is what I've been working on. I haven't really been working on Dub Narcotic for a while.

OK, I've got a question for you: were you ever a go-go dancer for Lync?
That would have been great, but I don't think I ever made that spot.

Really? 'Cause it's funny, I saw Lync back in D.C. a couple of years ago and it was at the Black Cat [club] and I was pretty far away from the stage and there was someone who was go-go dancing during their set, who was just amazing and it kind of looked like you.

Oh, it must have been somebody else [obviously lying]. I wonder who that was? I wonder, because, honestly, he was really talented—he was doing this whole pantomime routine as he was go-go dancing, acting out daily routines, and stuff, and it was very effective. So you're pretty sure it wasn't you?

Yeah, that was in '94.
Yeah, well, think about it.
I wasn't in D.C. then.
Oh, really? Not at all in '94?
Not in the summer [?]

So when Dub Narcotic wants to really get loose, who do you guys listen to?

Kool and the Gang, and we've got all kinds of Donny Hathaway and Vicky Anderson and Barbara Whitney.

Calvin singin' in Beat Happening.



IT'S STILL NOT WHAT YOU WEAR, HONESTLY

Last month, Paul Chan's *Punk Planet* article *The Kids Aren't Alright: punk identity and difference in the age of multinational capitalism* was presented, summarized briefly, partially critiqued and expanded upon (predictably, this instalment picks up where I left off). Chan's main concern was with examining the possible, contemporary conditions available for attempting forms of resistance to dominate social structures (specifically, capitalism). In this respect, Chan is particularly interested in "punk style" (although I've used his arguments to engage a broader critique of style-based subcultural rebellion more generally). Chan argues that punk "music and culture have always existed resisting and opposing virtually any and all dominant forms of ideology, culture, and commodity production," Chan suggests that "... it is precisely that opposition or 'difference' which makes Punk, under the aegis of Alternative music, marketable." With this Chan is only examining the commodification of punk subculture by large capitalists, citing the usual concern over co-option of style. Curiously, Chan does not examine the internal high level of self-commodification within punk subculture itself. In this respect, the ease with which punk subcultural style was (and is) taken advantage of was, in part, a result of its existence as a marginal part of the marketplace. Although this area of the market may promote different value systems symbolically attached to its choice of desirable style, it is otherwise not structurally dissimilar in its operation. As such, there is an intrinsic connection that is being under-examined here: the exchange relations of items which display the symbolic currency of style. This connection is ultimately tied together through the commodification of style — and any style-based subculture. This conflict introduces the argument that the contemporary use of style as a vehicle for critical activism may no longer be a sufficient way to challenge the dynamic nature of advanced capitalism.

A similar position is argued by Tom Frank, the editor of *The Baffler* (another fine Chicago magazine). In an article titled *Dark Age: why Johnny can't dissent*, Frank claims that our present popular notions of rebellion are based on outdated models. Frank warns that contemporary ideas and behaviours of exercising or displaying rebellion correspond far too closely to the model of the ideal contemporary consumer: social agents who seek out individuality and pleasure through commodities and thus the marketplace. Social agents who use, in other words, the manipulation of goods to symbolically

represent identity and difference through style. In this context, a more active, critical engagement would seem crucial, necessarily involving all "us" social agents. It would seem that a specific examination of the growing diversity and complexity of businesses (and their techniques of operation) within the culture industry needs continued critical attention. Critical attention should examine the changing ways with which the culture industry reports "our" culture back at "us." It should also investigate the techniques of encouragement for continued public participation. As well, it should examine the way that options are limited to the degree that participation is unavoidable. Indeed, what is particularly necessary is an examination of the blurry boundaries of what constitutes the "culture industry." It would seem that a dialectical (see last month) involvement in the culture industry is presently supported by our participation with the market-place through our prioritization of the expressive qualities of consumer goods through style. Critical attention is generously paid to expressive potential and validity within style itself, but stops short of seriously expanding into the network of connections beyond the realm of style — the structures of capitalism.

What is also important to explore is the degree to which capitalists are increasingly focusing on the "personalized" level of individual choice. Certainly, freedom, democracy and consumer choice have long been confused as synonymous, in this respect. This focus operates in tandem with a trend towards allowing individual choices to be made to seem as "private" as possible. That suggests that capitalists are attempting to operate at a scale of business that closely addresses and corresponds to the personalized "needs" of the private individual ... and by helping create those needs if necessary. This is done, in part, in order to take advantage of the choices that are made with the attempt to establish a sense of personal identity (insofar as choice of goods is involved). This is consciously planned for and attempted, it is standard procedure. There are many developments in information-capture and distribution technology (for example, Pay-per-View, the Interac system and the Internet) that help enable this type of development to continue. Generally speaking, if culture is a medium for self expression and exploration, then the degree to which the commodity form establishes itself as the nature of cultural expression, assisted by a biased technical hegemony, is the degree to which our participation has become secured. This is not a new concern, and it is not simply a conspiracy. It is not just being done to "us," it is something that we are choosing to do. Therefore, questions of priorities, responsibility and complexity ultimately arise.

Movements within style cultures, particularly those which push boundaries of acceptability, have helped capitalism develop into its contemporary form. The hard and important work of breaking new ground, opening up new dialogues, etc. easily becomes further market exploration, unfortunately. This is not to suggest a simplistic economic determinism, where all cultural developments grow out from the structure of the economy. Or to surrender to some helpless, self-limiting and relativistic fatalism. Rather, it is to highlight the way that our relationship with style culture has be-

come increasingly interconnected with the market — such is the nature of the dialectic. This relationship has largely disabled style as a viable option for attempting any systematic, progressive change within any realm but the symbolic. More space has opened up in this area, but the expansion has taken place within capitalist relations, established in part through the accepting generosity of the commodity form. Capitalism is based on the continued exploitation of markets as they develop. The marketplace is significantly turning towards the profitability of information, and especially, to culture as a basis and medium for commercial exchange (with profit in mind). Chan's article was useful in drawing attention to the flexibility that is found within the symbolic realm of style. It also brings attention to the reality that a great deal of personal value can be obtained through an active, private and self-reflective involvement with consumer goods as they may relate to the activity of identity formation. Indeed this positive aspect also expands into culture more generally (and has indeed in some valuable changes). Obviously, goods can be used symbolically to creatively assert a sense of private difference (used in what ever way) — but not without the problems stated above. This capacity of human psychology — the abstract and symbolic creation and manipulation of meaning — is not the concern of the present analysis however. The real issue is what Chan's argument proposes but incompletely attempts: a critical investigation of the complex interconnections that are formed within the dialectical relationship we all share within our cultural/political/economic system (currently based on capitalist relations and harsh structured inequality). While the dialectic is responsive to movement from many directions, a bias of economic power, technological cost and ownership does cast some serious constraint on its development — and therefore on us all. Yet there is enormous potential within the dialectical form, waiting to be attempted.

While it is presumptuous to assume that all subcultural interest in style need be politicized, or that there is a popular interest in critiquing capitalism, it is always useful to examine the nature of our present culture, nonetheless. Critical attention can be insightful and potentially empowering from whatever personal perspective it is attempted. But sides must sometimes be drawn, and issues challenged head on (as troublesome as it may be to fairly, accurately and comprehensively conceive of "problems"). The present analysis is concerned about "the state of the world," with the unequal categorization and distribution of "reasonable means of survival," and with gross, glorified consumption and overcommodification. As such, it has attempted to illustrate that a more thorough, popular critique, beyond the possibilities offered by style, needs to be developed and attempted for the sake of establishing a truer participatory democracy. This critique would require a diverse and committed level of imminent critical involvement, that examines the whole of the cultural/political/economic context and its history of development. This will not be easy, there is much to be concerned with: culture is a hugely elusive category. Social and economic structures are abstract, minute as well as distantly removed. And history is never conclusive, it is confusingly dialectical. All this may seem a lot to demand of subcultures, or anyone, but it is an important task to attempt, especially by those who are dissatisfied — and angry — with the structured inequality present and encouraged by capitalism. The positive aspects of style that were achieved, and are continuing to be developed, need also be involved — all advantages and opportunities are encouraged — but the romantic myth of the rebellious subculture needs to be overturned (or looked at carefully). While collective action is ideally required for this type of active critique, the first step, and stage, is ultimately personal. Hang on ...

Kitty Poulin



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printed matters

by lloyd

BURY ME STANDING

Isabel Fonseca
(Knopf/Vintage)

"Bury me standing, I've been on my knees all my life." Sounds like a blues tune, and so does much of this book.

Bury Me Standing is the story of Europe's perpetual outsiders: the Gypsies. The book begins by explaining why the Roma (as the Gypsies call themselves) have been habitual fringe dwellers since they first drifted out of the Middle East almost a millennium ago, but it really begins to kick it out when Fonseca's writing loses its academic dust and picks up an edge of righteous anger.

The words on the page are raw and bloody as she describes centuries-old tragedies that the Roma themselves have forgotten. Her anger is as palpable for the ancient dead as for the modern gypsies burned out of their homes; an anger that twists into frustration in the last part of the book as she describes the Roma's futile attempts at unity. A bitter reality emerges with the realisation that to remain true to their heritage is to remain true to a legacy of victimisation. In light of this realisation the dilemma becomes clear:

how can those that define themselves as outsiders become part of the system without destroying themselves? Though this is a work of non-

fiction, Fonseca creates a new image in attempting to dispel the mythical gypsy and replace the phantom with a flesh and blood creature—one that is likely to be as potent as the old.

With empathy and compassion, she paints a race of antiheroes, a people that cannot save themselves and yet cannot be saved. In Fonseca's view, the defence of the Roma is Europe's test—they have begun with failure, but the hope of redemption remains.

FUGITIVE PIECES

Anne Michaels
(McClelland and Stewart/Knopf)

Fugitive Pieces is a sensualist's dream. Reading the book is like lying naked on silk sheets while eating Haagen-Daas. The language is so powerfully physical that your body responds to the imagery, sweating in the hot Greek sun, shivering in the frozen Polish mud.

With a bizarre sense of displacement, you feel as if you have become one of the ghosts that young Jacob is obsessed with. You follow his life from Poland to Greece, to Toronto. You feel, not only Jacob's joy but the joy of his ghosts, as he finally learns to live the life he has been given.

Michaels' gift for language creates the impression that the physical world is a reflection; each geological description is a simile for a more tangible emotional reality. With *Fugitive Pieces*, Anne Michaels has captured one of those unspeakably vivid and living moments, the kind that make your fingers tingle and has stretched it into a novel of compelling grace. When virtual reality is this good, I'll buy it.

RULE OF THE BONE

Russell Banks
(Harper-Collins/Vintage)

Rule of the Bone is the law of the jungle. Bank's novel is an eyewitness account of a culture that eats its young in gory and terrifying rituals of self-obsession. The eye, in this case, belongs to the Bone, poor white trash of stereotypical propo-

tions. The Bone's voice-over musings illuminate the burnt out interior of a society where the most that those at the bottom of the food chain can hope for is to be ignored. An impossible dream. His lack of power and his ignorance are so complete that his voice has the objectivity of a camera. He reports the bizarreness surrounding him in the clear, flat tones of innocence. In brutal detail, the story flows through their eyes as turbulent, pounding waves, shaping and tinting the clear lenses with grinding experience. Eventually, he loses the innocent objectivity of the camera in exchange for the power of judgment. The

enough to provide an entirely new twist.

ASHTRAYS

Lukas Tomlin
(Twisted Spoon Press)

This book is fine. The book itself, I mean, with its textured cover, thick, lush paper and wonderful etchings surprisingly tucked into the margin or at the bottom of the page. Unexpectedly, Tomlin's writing exceeds the decadent promise of the book's production. The novel—which could be construed as a long prose poem—is unique in its vehemence and exotic rhythms. Tomlin, a Czech writer living in Paris and writing in English, imbues the language with a vitality and a reality that equals the intensity that the best of the beat school has to offer. Like the beats, Tomlin strives to describe the book's events in all their living splendour, showing us the beauty of the sweat-stained shirt or tobacco stained teeth. The unusual focus and stream of consciousness prose create a hallucinatory effect that oddly heightens, rather than detracts from, the unflinching realism of the story. This book looks, tastes and feels like 12 year old scotch, and will have a similar effect on your nervous system.



pranks to remind us that though growing up may not change, the world in which it happens is now crazy

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New music in now/coming soon: Venice Shoreline
 Chris, ManorAstro-Man?, Hi-Fives, Boss Martians,
 Thorsen, Trans Am, June of 44, Pavement, Lois,
 DJ Spooky, Punch the Clown, and lots more.



After nearly two months of eerie silence, I have a working record player again. I realize how petty and bourgeois I look when my biggest articulated complaint is a broken turntable, but there is no use in pretending that my priorities lie elsewhere. I suppose I resemble Bertrand Russell's "aristocratic rebel" who, "since he has enough to eat, must have other causes of discontent." Music is my primary preoccupation. When my access to music is denied, I become restless and likely to revolt. A steady diet of it keeps me quiet and contented. Now that I am hooked back up to my fix, the rules of the world need quiver in their beds no longer.

PARTY OF ONE'S 7" manages to be catchy and

cute without being nauseating. The chorus of "Alanna Ubach," a song apparently about some obscure TV star, is still in my head as I write this. "Windup Machine" features violin, keyboard, and the same weird, oscillating vocals as its counterpart. (Prospective Records, PO Box 6425, MPLS, MN, 55406)

"The Sal Paradise Delegation" by the **LORD HIGH FIXERS** frightened me the first time I played it. You see, that particular song speeds up and slows down a few times in a very disconcerting way. My first thought upon hearing this uncalculated-for velocity shift was that my beautiful new turntable was possessed by demons, and my second thought was that my beautiful new turntable was broken. Fortunately

for my immortal soul (not to mention my decidedly mortal gear), it was just the Lord High Fixers being silly. "Soul Music In Action" is in a similar vein of jumpy pop-punk, with gravelly vocals that remind me of a certain **Thirlwell**. "I Need Your Love" is wacked-out doo-wop complete with agonized screams. The Fixers' single is called *Soul Party*, and it is great energetic fun. (Scooch Pooch Records, 323 Broadway Avenue East, #405 Seattle, WA, 98102)

Slampt is one of my favorite labels, partly because it and the people behind it are so punky and independent-minded, but mostly because it puts out a lot of really neat music. Slampt's 4-Track compilation is aptly named: four

bands, four songs, all recorded on four-track machines. **I'M BEING GOOD** make a bizarre, sludgy mess of "Killick Versus Pye," a song which defies all categorization. **SMALL BLACK PIG**, featuring Ms. C of **International Strike Force** on vocals, hit a slow groove with the very cool "Vampire Lover." **DELICATE VOMIT**'s contribution, "Mr. Potatohead," is not as good as their song on the Elastic Jet Mission compilation LP, but it has a really neat avenue keyboard solo. And **DEATHSTAR**, the only band on this 7" that I hadn't heard of when I bought it, do sweet and scary experimental pop. (Slampt Underground Organization, PO Box 54 Heaton, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE6 5YW, UK)

According to the 10 page, 3-D booklet that comes with their 7", **VINNIE AND THE STARDUSTERS** managed to generate quite a bit of notoriety in their hometown of Minneapolis. The reading material, which is full of [what I assume to be] Minneapolis jokes about (*Soul Asylum*'s Dave Piner, souped-up Archie

comics, and band history tidbits, is amusing in that it's so excessive. Who needs songs when you've got 3-D glasses and Vinnie and the Stardusters trading cards? I think there's a point being made here, and I think I may have missed it. As for the music — hit, I don't know, but the lyrics to "Quezada," a deadpan rewriting of "Que Sera Sera," made me laugh my head off. (Ultramodern/Prospective, 2217 Nicollet Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN, 55404)

"Daisy," by the **BUTTERFLIES**, sounds like a deranged waltz being danced by a pair of giant mutant slugs. "Come On In My Kitchen," on the B-side, is an old **Robert Johnson** tune being pummeled into the ground by a barrage of offkey harmonica and big, messy guitars. (Ng Records, 622 Broadway #3A, New York, NY, 10012)

YUM YUM TREE's vocalist, if the rather faint photograph on the sleeve of *Riot Up*

Your Ass is accurate, bears a frightening resemblance to a friend I had in elementary school. She and the rest of the band make pretty standard punk with angrily wailed vocals. It's refreshing to see a group of people who are equally scornful of hypocrisy and conformity among punks as among "normals." My favorite lyric: "I'd rather wear a Birkenstock/than suck the dick of indie rock!" (Vital Music Records, PO Box 210, New York, NY, 10276)

ELLIOT SMITH's mild voice and quiet, introspective music go quite well together. His latest single on *Rick Rock Stars* has three songs: "Speed

Trials," "Angels," and "I Don't Think I'm Ever Gonna Figure It Out." The second two, surprisingly, have a slightly country-

fied feel to them. Elliot's appeal lies in his sincerity, a value rare even among indie rockers. (Rick Rock Stars, 120 NE State Avenue #418, Olympia, WA, 98501)



between

by andrea & christina

the lines

After writing this column for three months, I feel the need to once again state what I had felt was an obvious fact. Seeing as people do not seem to get the hint, I will try to go about explaining our review policy in a different manner. Andrea and I are very busy people. Andrea works full time in a very stressful job in order to support herself. I go to high school and do not even have a lunch hour. As well as those daily commitments, we both spend time doing other things like art, reading, writing, and having social lives. As a result, we do not have all the time in the world.

Neither of us are indie rock kids, nor are heavily involved in punk rock. Therefore, neither of us wants to spend our precious free time reading indie/punk rock culture zines. We have said a multitude of times that we will not review such zines; however, every time we go to UBC

to check our mail, we are swamped with the blasted things. I will be blunt: we do not care about whatever the hot band du jour is. We do not even read the music/funzines you send us beyond a short skim.

There are papers like *Factsheet Five* and *Terminal City* who relate to what you are saying in your zines and will gladly review them. I would think that it would be logical to send them to such places where you will receive the praise that you deserve, rather than to us who will in no way acknowledge their arrival. Happy Valentine's Day.

HANDS OFF #4/ RE-CLAIMING MY NAME #7 (32 pages, half size)

This is a split issue of two of my favorite zines. In both zines, the authors are writing about their mental health. This zine puts a face and history on the label "crazy," which is

not a common thing. The subject of mental health carries so much stigma, even in the supposed "open" world of zines. Both authors describe their experiences with abuse and how it has factored into their mental health as a means of coping. Also, the fear and emotion accompanied by mental illness is powerfully portrayed here — an especially important factor to this zine.

We live in a culture that glamorizes mental illness while stigmatizing it as well. On one hand, it is "cool" to be crazy — Kurt Cobain and his depression/suicidal tendency made him an icon. On the other hand, if you are crazy you are treated as though you are carrying a plague. What seems to be missing from our conditioned treatment of those with mental illness is a middle ground where we can be equally compassionate to those with mental illness as to our fellow non-"crazy" human beings — with-

out glamorizing the issue. I feel that the best way to work towards finding that balance is to understand the experiences of those who have mental illness issues as well as you can through educating and empathizing. This is an important resource; it gives the background, thoughts and feelings of two women dealing with mental health issues in an articulate, but not overly medical manner. Send \$2 to PO Box 33, 345 E. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5T 4G5.

SOY NOT "OI!"

(113 pages, half size) This is a huge vegan cookbook assembled by the "hippycore crew" and described as including "over 100 recipes designed to destroy the government." This is by far the most complete vegan cookbook that I have ever come across. Although I haven't yet read the entire thing, the editors seem to have found a vegan recipe for everything. As well as supplying a myriad of vegan recipes, there is a huge list of lesser known animal-derived additives, some of which I was not previously

aware of.

I must complain, however, about the part about vegan beer. I do not care how DIY it is to make your own beer, it is not a "punk rock" thing to do. Just because one is not directly supporting corporations through buying their beer, it doesn't necessarily mean that going out and getting drunk is "fucking with the system more than straight-edge kids [and] Nancy Reagan morals do." If

weakened and apathetic during that time. That doesn't seem very punk to me. I would have to say that *the* [straight-edge] bashing is a bit immature and that if you have to do it, at least do it well. Other than that little issue (by the way, I am not even *she*) this was really amazing! Even if you are not vegan, these recipes will leave you drooling. Send a few dollars to Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN, 55408.

MY LIFE WITH EVAN DANDO POPSTAR

(36 pages, quarter size) Okay, so you say that you can't find any of **Kathleen Hanna's** fanzines? Well, look no further because *Riot Grrrl Press* Canada carries the infamous Ms. Hanna's work. "He earns his money the good old fashioned way. He takes it from sexually repressed little kids... in return for their allowances, he fills their heads with meaning-popsongs. Yeah." *My Life with Evan Dando Popstar* is a look at misogyny through letters to Evan Dando. Read and learn. Send a buck to *Riot Grrrl Press*, PO Box 33, 345 E. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5T 4G5. *



are out-of-your-mind drunk it does not matter where you got your beer, you are still emotionally



Download review

THE AQUAVELVETS

Nomad

(Mesa)

My enthusiasm for rock instrumental music is often lukewarm—current genres are too pure or restrictive, unlike surf music of the '50s and '60s, which had a large vocal component. The Aquavelvets' last CD, *Surfmania*, however, grew on me in time; carefully crafted and full of evocative shadings including imagery of tiki lounges, tropical beaches, and Mexican rooftop sunsets, it remains a cut above most contemporary surf releases, with perhaps the exception of the more campy *Tiki Tones!* LP releases.

Nomad has not quite endeared itself to me as much as *Surfmania*, despite its neat cover and a series of intriguing song names (for example, "Shrunken Head" or "Surf Nouveau"). Having given Nomad time to grow on me, *Surfmania* is still my flavoured effort by this band.

J. Bold

AUTOMATIC 7

Automatic 7

(BYO)

Get out the Prozac and hide the razor blades, 'cause this one will depress the hell out of you. It's great music, but every song has this underlying tone of failure and despair. So if you're feeling good and you don't think it's justified, pop this baby in and you'll be feeling gloomy and confused in no time. Other than that, it's just straightforward punk rock in the BYO tradition.

Dave Tolani

THE BELMONT PLAYBOYS

Wolf Patrol

(Teen Rebel)

I saw this North Carolina outfit perform at a British rockabilly festival a few years back. That gig was sort of lackluster and uninspired (maybe they had jetlag). I was hoping this release would find them in better form and it does, but not overly so.

Nine of the 14 tracks here are covers (which bodes ill for the "originality" score). Some of the covers are of Link Wray's "Wild One" (played well here), **Boyz n the Bunch's** "My Boy Flat Top," the **Otis Blackwell**-penned and **Presley**-popularized "Paralyzed," and **Duke Ellington's** "Caravan" (check out the Ventures version). Luckily the band plays these selections in a style of their own.

The self-penned tunes here are fairly decent but the brand of rockin' blues the band exhibits leaves me a little cold. A lot of guitar playing over more to **Stevie Ray Vaughan** than

Muddy Waters. These guys sound like they should be playing some roadhouse stage with one of those neon Budweiser signs behind them.

Wolf Patrol is good, but not essential.

Sean Law

PETER BLEGVAD

Just Wake Up

(ESD)

Once upon a time, there was Henry Cow. This Henry Cow was not a person. Henry was, in fact, a group of people who made up one of the most influential bands in the progressive, experimental scene in the 1970s. They combined jazz, classical, rock and other neat things in this wonderful mishmash that was all their own. And most importantly, the music was the end itself, not just a means for showing off flashy chops.

Of course, all things must pass and old Henry Cow was no different. **Peter Blegvad** was one of these fortunate souls who passed through the ranks, but his album, *Just Wake Up*, shows he wants to do something quite different from the past. Teaming up with former Henry Cow-hands, **John Greaves** and **Chris Cutler** as the rhythm section, he's put to work a smart, well-oriented pop album. Musically, it could fall somewhere between **XTC** and **American Music Club**—less jaunty than the former but a bit more up-tempo than the latter.

And while Blegvad won't make anyone forget **Cole Porter** or **Randy Newman's** lyrics, he can turn a phrase. He seems especially at home when writing about very ordinary day-to-day things. In the best tune, "Daughter," he comes up with some very playful rhyme schemes: "Everything I say/the takes to heart/ Everything she takes," she takes apart. That's my daughter in the water/every time she fell I caught her. Every time she fell."

Just Wake Up isn't exactly a classic and I doubt it's trendy (which bodes ill for the album's "originality" score). There aren't any throwaway songs either, and the whole thing does manage to make for a pleasant enough hour of music.

Michael Choinard

DOWNLOAD

The Eyes of Stanley Pain

(Network)

With **Skinny Puppy** co-founder **cEvin Key** at the helm, *Download* inevitably draws comparisons to that now-defunct group. On this disc, **Key** and partner **Mark Spybey** create many a dark mood, utilizing a

few trademark **Puppy** synth sounds. But where **Skinny Puppy** layered samples and noise over ever-changing beats to create dense soundscapes, *Download*, for the most part, prefers a stripped-down approach, with **Key** chewing the guitar **Puppy** began to favour for purely electronic sounds. Simplicity and repetition are key elements in *Download's* aesthetic. At times, *The Eyes of Stanley Pain* sounds more like a particularly brooding techno disc than an industrial album.

What *Download* succeeds at best is the creation of moods. The disc's title track is a drifting, ambient piece with sampled voices floating in and out of the mix. It's a very quiet song but it's damn unsettling. It sounds like the soundtrack to a nightmare.

Genesis P. Orridge (**Throbbing Gristle**, **Psychic TV**) contributes some detached, spoken vocals that come across like phone calls from another dimension. He has the uncanny ability to make you wonder, "Did I really hear that, or was it a hallucination?"

I just wish there was more of that. There are plenty of interesting beats and sounds here but what's missing, ultimately, is the human element. **Skinny Puppy** was so successful because, even when he was completely indecipherable (which was most of the time) **Ogre's** vocals provided the band with a focal point. With *Download*, there's very little for the listener to connect with.

Overall, though, I would call *The Eyes of Stanley Pain* a success, if for no other reason than the fact that it scores the bejezus out of me.

John Lucas

EL VEZ

L.I. Ay, Ay! Blues

(Big Pop)

"If there is any hope for a Revolution, it lies in **Elvis Presley** becoming Che Guevara." Viva la Revolution! **El Vez** is back in full effect, ripping off tunes of many (**Queen**, **Elvis**, **BTO**, **Andrew Lloyd Webber**) and twisting them to further the cause of the common people. Join the revolution as well as get some real fun music with **L.I. Ay! Blues**. **El Vez** is the hope! Missing out would be a bummer.

Rev. Norman

THE FLAMINGOES

Plastic Jewels

(Big Pop/Paramonion)

Never having heard them before, my first thought when I opened *The Flammingoes* (yes, with an "e") CD jacket was, "Well... they're credited **Echobelly**, they can't be that bad." And truly, I can't

say that they are.

They really try.

Two of the three boys, **Jude** and **James**, have an odd/even/pretty-cheese head British-pop look about them. Neither of them seems to possess a last name, but what is unclear is whether they aspire to follow in the footsteps of **Morrissey** or **Madonna**. Their drummer, **Kevin Matthews**, has satisfactory talent, but apparently serves the sole purpose of boosting the band's image. Methinks he would be happier hanging out in **Suede's** "Trash" video.

And while I'm on subject, really I think these guys could benefit from a **Brett Anderson**-esque vocalist. James' voice is closer to the generic nasal Brit sound that they seem to be striving for, but he and **Kevin** should stop humming. Jude by letting his dry husk take up half of the album. It simply doesn't match the music. Although some of the tracks spiral into unquestionably cheesy guitar solos, and the ballads leave a bit to be desired, the faster songs show great potential for the **Flamingoes** to become yet another British pop band. "Disappointed," "Teenage Emergency," and "Sceneries" are undoubtedly the highlights of the album. Their attempt at clever lyrics is cute, but they could benefit from reading a book or two before they embark on their next project.

While *Plastic Jewels* is mediocre at best, there were times when I couldn't help bobbing my head up and down in a muppet-like fashion. Definitely a good sign. Claps to the **Flamingoes** for the effort.

Alia Hussey

FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON

Dead Cities

(Astralwerks)

The new **FSOL** starts off with a funky, apocalyptic recreation of a **Run/DMC** track that'll make even the most gloomy of butts start shakin', and the album goes off into supercharged space from then on. If you thought their album **ISDN** blew your mind, and **Lifetimes** screwed it, then you'll probably think *Dead Cities* is good enough to buy. I wouldn't say that this one is quite as much of a mind-blowing experience as the last, but it could even spend on extra 20 bucks or so and get the deluxe package with even more of their amateurish computer graphics if you so desired.

The hit song, "My Kingdom," is a little doing dub with weird Middle Eastern samples and it's a good accompaniment to your next bit of acid. "Mox," with its steep piano, will make you feel like you're floating in milk. "Guagnire" is **FSOL's** try at doing the jungle thing, which won't work on the dance floor, but it might make sweeping your kitchen a whole lot more fun.

On the downside, the song "Dead Cities" sounds like a bad **Red Hot Chili Peppers** soundwave song, and "In a State of Permanent Apathy" would have sounded good on a **Sean Mitchell** b-side album in 1982, but now it sounds a bit stu-

pid. And the final track, "First Death in the Family," sounds like music for **David Lynch's** *Dune*, but that was more than ten years ago! Retro electronic music? I don't know.

Lee Henderson

HAYDEN

Moving Careful

(Hardwood/Sonic Unyon)

The new album from this ever-growing Ontario 23 year old boasts distinctive, musically and emotionally catchy tunes. Like fellow one-man-band **Beck**, **Hayden** is experimental and original without forgetting the past. The satirical "Old Fashioned Way" criticizes modern society's frustrating paranoia. "I was written the day I was refused a wet shave ... because of AIDS."

These classic songs initially sound depressing, but once delved into (easily done), they encapsulate with their ironic humour. Simple but poignant lines like in "Stride" ("You and I rely on Little Things to Get By") are reminiscent of **Sebadoh**. Like **Lou Barlow**, **Hayden** relates specific events and their effect on him. "Half For Me" bemoans his girlfriend being pinched by his best friend: "They were the only smokers so they'd meet outside every 20 minutes when we all used to hang out." Simple, but effective, and very true to life.

James Bainbridge

HEAVENLY

Operation Heavenly

(K)

My immediate reaction to hearing this album was to start dancing. I'm serious. I couldn't help myself. This was one of the best albums of '96. It's consistent, fun, and 100% **Heavenly**. If you like the way **Lush** has gotten out of their sad, ambient rut, or you wish that **Elastica** would just mellow out a bit more, then this album is probably for you. Sadly, before the album was released, their drummer committed suicide. All we can hope for is that they will be able to recover from the loss and continue to record, because right now they are one of the most talented bands in the pop scene. Plus, they have a song called "Space Manatee."

Mr. Chris

LOIS

Infinity Plus

(K)

For some reason, I'd never really loved **Lois** Mallo's songwriting ... it liked it, I admitted it, respected it. It's that weird state of knowing how you want to feel, how you think you should be feeling, but not being able to do it to achieve it. And goddammit, I wanted to love it—honest—but there was something missing for me ... until now.

Her songs are always lovely, full of simple (but not boring), catchy (but not familiar), and intelligent (but not pretentious) folk-pop elements. I own much of her material, including solo albums, her work in **Catmen Love Yow** and **Yo** studio man **Pat**

Maley, and her more current work in her band, **The Loits**. This new album continues her progression towards fuller, lush, more complicated song structures, with musical and production help from mega-stars **Alan Sparhawk** (**Low**), **Heather Dunn** (**Tiger Trap**), **Brandon Canty** (**Fogaz**), **Elliott Smith**, **Ryan Boudaz**, and **Steve**.

"Not Funny, Ha-Ha," which is perhaps the best song on *Infinity Plus*, is also on her previous EP, *Snapshot Radio*, but as a different version. This one is even more slow and melancholic and beautiful, as are the words "You don't make me feel funny anymore ... There are more upbeat numbers on here as well—if you ain't tappin' yer toes to 'Sunrise Semester' and 'Capital A,' there might be something wrong with you."

In the Olympia, WA punk rock scene, **Lois** is legendary. Her place in the (next to **D.C.**) **DIY** capital of America is undeniably necessary, as she graces our ears with melodies and words which move me every time I listen. Maybe before, I just didn't listen so well.

miko

99

Ninety-Nine

(Endearing/Patsy)

99 is **Laura** (formerly **Lara MacFarlane**, ex-drummer of **Sleater-Kinney** [she was their first. Recorded mainly in Melbourne, Australia (her home), with two cuts recorded in Portland, Oregon (one of **Sleater-Kinney's** stomping grounds), **Ninety-Nine** shows off **Laura's** talents as a multi-instrumentalist (drums, guitar, keyboard, violin, xylophone) and singer/songwriter.

Laura had her moments with **Sleater-Kinney** as a singer/songwriter as well as a formidable drummer ("Lara's Song" is at times **Sleater-Kinney's** highlight for me), but **99** expands upon those songs she penned for her former band. **99** is looser and more diverse than **Sleater-Kinney's** work thus far, but consequently it's also not as focused and intense. **Laura's** vocals aren't nearly as confrontational as **Sleater-Kinney's** (and her material is to avoid those kinds of extremes and searches for clever hooks and turns of phrases instead—none-theless, there's a similarly gripping affinity with turbulence [emotional and otherwise]), and **99** is similarly infectious.

pepe le moko

NEOTROPIC

15 Levels of Magnification

(n-tone)

Riz Mozen, the mastermind behind **Neotropic** (also **Phreak** and **Small Fish with Spine**), presents his most interesting material yet to rise from the **Ninjafunk** stables. Beating the **Coldcut/DJ Food/H&H** boys at their own game, **15 Levels of Magnification** is soaked to the gills with electro-jazziness, hazy **Cosmos**, and funky beats. From the hyperkinetic rhythmic

workiness of the title track to the spooky otherworldly atmosphere of "It's Your Turn to Wash Up" and "CCTV." Riz provides a soundtrack for an open mind. Obviously so full of ideas, she never lets any of the 16 tracks run on for very long and that's a shame. Just as the music is about to absorb you, she hits stop and moves onto something else. As such, 15 Levels... may take a few listens to fully appreciate.

Jovian Franzen

THE NEW GRAND The New Grand (Sonic Unyon)

This disc reminds me of a show I once attended at the Anza Club. I don't know why. It might be because it sounds like some generic, well-tuned, well-oiled, gay-pop. Kinda Local Rabbittish, in a good manner, that is. Having all 12 tracks repeat in a 24 hour fashion [eg. #13=#1, #14=#2, etc.] on the CD version causes the listener to become fatigued by track 15 (with the impression that I've already heard this before). Then again, having a CD crammed full of two minute tracks would drive people insane... So it's at least a way of filling the unused portion of the 74-minute media.

twinch

OVAL 94diskont (Thrill Jockey)

Difficult to categorize, Oval's latest release is a subtly fascinating album. This electro-instrumental music is a relaxing medley of randomness and repetition — almost ambient, but not in the soundscape sense of the word.

There are no overwhelming intensities or schizophrenic changes here, yet the music retains a completely unpredictable nature. Sometimes sounding like a radio flickering between overlapping channels, this album has its own built-in multi-linear phase shifter. 94diskont bleeps blissfully and it will make you very smart if you listen to it.

Kevin Dimples

RAILROAD JERK

The Third Rail (Matador)

The Third Rail is another fine release from those New York City boys, Railroad Jerk. The always suave Marcella Hall provides fine illustrations for each of the album's songs. Bassist Tony Lee and guitarist Alec Stephen take lead vocal duty on a song each. The Third Rail has no real stinkers, just good ol' down home rock 'n' roll. Maximum listening pleasure for those who like to get dirty once in a while. "I wanna see your anatomy, baby!"

Miss "Lola" Little Twin Stars

REX

C WALTZ EP (Southern)

Please use this record for long drives, lazy Saturday afternoons, and reminiscing about your past (liner notes, c).

Rex is Curtis Harvey (guitar/vocals), Phil Spirito (bass/vocals) and Doug Scharin (drums). Although technically they've been in existence since the late '80s, they were more or less defunct for a number of years, mainly due to the fact that Doug Scharin was a part of *Cadence*. Since *Cadence's* demise, Rex has been back in action, in full-swing. As indicated above, the Rex experience is meditative in nature. Unlike drone specialists like Bardo Pond, th' Faith Healers (r.i.p.), Stereolab and others, Rex opts for a somewhat less driving, linear sound and instead deals mainly in the undulations of sonic swells, sometimes featuring other times crashing. Rex tends towards the lengthy (nine min. songs are not uncommon, and c "weights in" at nearly 70 mins.), but for the material never gets dull (on c, at least).

Waltz is a four-song EP that was apparently inspired by someone's suggestion that they record a collection of songs in 4/4 waltz time. It comes in a lovely four 78rpm binding — appropriately enough — and will make you very smart if you listen to it.

Kevin Dimples

"sour note" that I've heard from Rex, but the remaining three songs are all very strong — particularly their version of the standard "Willow Garden" and side B's "Sorry, Blue Eyes You're Not." Not Surprisingly, the 4/4 time restricts Doug Scharin's playing, but the songs (with one exception) hold up nicely in spite of this.

eddie, the plague

SCREECHING WEASEL

Bark Like a Dog (Fat Wreck Chords)

That's it. I've had enough of your shit, Ben Weasel. I accepted your last (and supposedly final) breakup. I laughed at your stupid "I'm a punk and this is how I act, so should you" columns. I stuck up for you when people called you a sellout. I looked forward to hearing your new album. And what do you do? You create a pile of shit. You stick this piece of crap album in front of me and expect me to buy it just because it has the *Screeching Weasel* name on it, just so you can afford to live your dreamy Punk Rock lifestyle. You surround four or five good songs with a bunch of cheesy knockoffs about girls and summer and shit like that. You should have ended it. How to Make Enemies and Irritate People was good. This is not.

Dave Tahan

SEEFEE

(CH-VOX) (Rephlex)

In this city, you have to really like Seefeel to buy their albums, because they cost more than cold cups for your teeth. I thought Seefeel had called it quits and Mark Clifford had gone on to *Disjecta*, but Seefeel are back with this new album. Maybe it's posthumous, I don't know. It's a short album, though (just over 30 minutes), and very sombre. It is in some ways quite a departure from where Seefeel had ended up on the last album *Scourer*, and then again, not really.

The album starts off, in fact, with "Utraiot," which is on *Scourer*, but now in its complete form on *(CH-VOX)*. The album ignores

the word "song" completely and opts instead to slowly go through different acoustic tone bursts, as though the listener is walking in the basement of a giant hospital listening to a lunatic who is 400 feet away, but getting closer, while binging and running on big iron pipes. The effect is rather disturbing, and makes these rainy days seem that much more oppressive. If you're into really minimal ambient stuff, like *Sulpher* or *Zoviet France*, then you'll like the whole thing except for skipping your back teeth gold-plated.

Lee Henderson

MATTHEW SHIPP Symbol Systems (No More)

A reviewer for the jazz journal *Cadence* recently referred to pianist Matthew Shipp as a master of his generation. This kind of praise from the jazz intelligentsia usually makes me skeptical because I could rattle off a list of at least a dozen young geniuses whose music betrays a desire to do nothing more than revive the sounds of the old Blue Note or Prestige classics of the '50s.

Shipp, however, is a definite exception among young players. As his first solo recital, *Symbol Systems*, shows, he has developed a very personal voice on his instrument that even a layman like me can distinguish and appreciate.

He credits *Andrew Hill*, *Cecil Taylor*, *Paul Bley*, *Thelonious Monk* and *Bud Powell* as his major influences. And it's Taylor who seems, at first, to have the biggest hold on Shipp. But for too many pianists who play any atonal music get pigeonholed as Taylor imitators; the late *Don Pullen* rightfully fought the tag for years. Certainly, on pieces like "Harmonic Oscillator," Shipp's style is coolly abstract like Taylor's. Sometimes he seems to pound at the lower register keys with enough intensity to move the Richter scale.

He has a flair for contrast and space without cluttering his play-

ing at all. Instead, he prefers to sustain notes, giving the listener time to let them all sink in. A composition like "Frame" is rather bluesy, yet it is executed with a refinement suited to chamber music. The Bley influence is clear here.

On other pieces, like "Bop Abyss," Shipp deconstructs the sound of older jazz as the title should indicate. It starts out like it should be a Monk tune, but it quickly stops, gets up, does a little dance and takes off in a direction that's totally, probably completely, even here, unforeseen.

In short, Shipp makes every note count. He creates new music, rather than solo through jazz standards. And though his influences are clear, his playing and composing sound like Matthew Shipp, not anyone else. I might even call him a master.

Michael Chouinard

BOB WISEMAN Accidentally Acquired Beliefs (WEA)

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: *Bob Wiseman* is one of Canada's most inventive and talented musicians. His live shows are overwhelming and his previous albums have been marvelous. Unfortunately, I just don't find that his *Accidentally Acquired Beliefs* inspires such glowing superlatives.

It's not that the songs on the album aren't good — Wiseman's live performances of "10 000 Miles" and "Stay Untouchable" are great. This album is simply not as adventurous as previous triumphs such as *Lake Michigan Soda* or "City of Wood." The songs are overproduced, excessively mixed — curiously, by Wiseman himself. The album is slick and radio-friendly, and maybe this is the central problem.

I'd like to think that this all happened because Wiseman has

opted for major label distribution and was compelled to temper his creativity by some dull corporate automaton. Certainly, WEA's lawyers refused to sanction the inclusion on the album of the full version of "My Cousin Dave," a hilariously obscene song in which Wiseman lambastes David Geffen for his unethical business practices all the while asking for a major label deal. He has performed this song to an enthusiastic reception every time I've seen him live — and yet only the first half-chorus makes it onto this album. Oh well.

Adam Monahan

VARIOUS ARTISTS Crooklyn Dub Consortium (WordSound)

I find great pleasure in listening to the very worst tracks on this CD. This is it, an album to acquire and keep close. This is the premium dope!

As is said by the Lord Gimp *Order of the Crooked Knights*, "We present Certified Dope Vol. 2, that exotic, erotic, racy-type shit ripe from the rotting corpse (the Rotten Apple) of an empire."

All the pieces are good by those who give themselves the labels of *Spectre vs. Scoldy Ward*, *Unitone HIFI*, *Dr. Israel*, *The Mystic*, *Bill Laswell*, *No Seaka*, *Scarab*, *Torture*, *OHM Megabyte*, *The Count of Monte Cristo* and Him!

Karen F.

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Electronic Phunk Phore Presents: Phuturistic Phunk (Tahmed/Liquid Sky/Caroline)

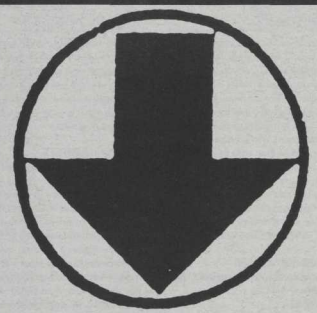
VARIOUS ARTISTS Cup of Tea: A Compilation (Cup of Tea/Quango/Island)

Both of these albums might be described as dance music compilations, but doing so would only

turn the page for more reviews



"...underground culture is something most people would rather not think about. Space is confined, it's black, it stinks, and it can be dangerous."



<<DIGGING CRONIC CULTURE: AN ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE UNDERGROUND, CA. 1997>>
PRESENTS

A NIGHT OF UNDERGROUND FILM

FEATURING
PROGRAM #1 (7:30):
LOST BOOK FOUND by JEM COHEN
EASTERN AVENUE by PETER METTLER
INSTALL and RED SHIFT by MIKE HOOLBOOM

PROGRAM #2 (9:30):
HALF-CHICKEN by M. GALINSKY and S. HAWLEY
(featuring music by Smog, The Grifters, Freakwater, Rodan, Slant 6, Retain, Kicking Giant, etc.)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1997

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254 E. HASTINGS

TICKETS: \$4 each/ \$6 both

&

A NIGHT OF UNDERGROUND POP & PERFORMANCE

MECCA NORMAL

[MATADOR/K]

LOIS

[K]

REFECT/REFECT

[KILL ROCK STARS]

MOCKET

[PUNK IN YOUR VITAMINS]

GAZE

[THE RECORD]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1997

THE ANZA CLUB

3 W. 8th AVE.

DOORS--8 P.M./SHOW--8:30 P.M.
(NO ONE UNDER 19 ADMITTED--BRING YOUR I.D.)

TICKETS: \$8

(AVAILABLE AT SCRATCH, TRACK & ZULU)

another fine der institut fur untergrund studien production

demonstrate how broad the definition of dance music has become. One album is full of vocals, bubbly bass, and sampled beats. The other is almost exclusively electronic, embracing a starkly minimalist, machine-bred aesthetic.

Phuturistik Think is, unfortunately, not a collection of break-dancing tracks as I'd hoped. It is, instead, a very smooth collection of music from Germany paying homage to (impersonating?) dear old Kraftwerk and their proteges in Detroit. "Auftraumen" by Triple R & Walker perfectly captures the old "Autobahn" vibe, while any motor city pioneer would be proud to have written *Silent Movie's* "Silent Movie" — Part 2. "Even if it is too trance-inducing to moonwalk to, this is a quirky album of new music for fans of things retro-electro."

Cup of tea draws its influences from jazz, hip-hop and reggae, but mostly it's the kind of album you want to call trip hop ("couse it's, you know, from Bristol"). All the elements are in place, even down to the illuminated Tricky impersonation on *Monk & Contapello's* "This Time is Different." Apart from the opening track by *Barcode*, which has a dull, warmed-over early *Massive Attack* feel, there are no other duds on this album. Some of the off-key vocals might not be appreciated by less adventurous listeners, but dissonance adds just the right amount of bitterness to the brew.

It's surprising how good both those compilations are. The tracks have been chosen for quality rather than name recognition and this makes for albums that can be listened to indefinitely without worrying about the invisible expiration date stamped on "hit" compilations.

Jovian Francy

VARIOUS ARTISTS Incursions Into Illbient (Asphodel)

With a title like that, I assumed that this was a featurette for ambient industrial bands, music for those who like it clanky and rainy, perfect for kung-fu video game soundtracks or movies by early '80s, Ridley Scott wannabees. But not featuring *Sub Dub*, (everyone's fave of the month) *DJ Spooky*, *We and Byax*, this is an album that features artists into the "almost trance-ambient yet borderline gabba-reggae" genre that *Bill Laswell* so clearly defined.

At the first listen, you're probably thinking: "Wait, what is this? Is this *Mad Professor* gone psycho or has *Byax* cheered up? Whatever it is, it's time to get more wattage for my speakers, for they've been blown out now!" And that's a fact, so if you're not too fond of your fillings, listen to this one. Brought to you by the archfiend of *Spacetime Continuum*, *Nour Harmon* (oh, what a clever name), and published by those who think the *Cleopatra* label has class. The standout would actually be *Sub Dub*.

Byztry to sound like *Autechre* too much. And, hey man, no one is allowed to sound like *Autechre* except *Autechre*!

This is cool for those nights when the lights are down, the streets are quiet, the mood is lazy and yet sensual, and you just realize that, hey, you forgot to pay your electric bill.

Christina

VARIOUS ARTISTS Papernet One (Independent)

This very DIY cassette compilation is put together by a guy named James who appears to be based in Parkville, BC. I, for one, would like to express how glad I am that experimental and electronic artists are networking and promoting one another — it's about bloody time. There's a lot of great, surreal stuff on this tape: *Hermit and Puc's* spooky guitar noodling, *M.O.T.U.'s* fracky electro splicing of He-Man samples and video game noises, and *Al Barrett's* long hypnotic "Ask Yourself ...," whose muffled vocals and creepy noises bring to mind *Twenty Jaz Funk Greats* or *Throbbing Gristle*.

If you're interested in getting hold of a copy of *Papernet One*, or if you want to submit some of your own music for the next issue, you can write to James Velen, c/o *Papernet*, 465 Craig Street, Parkville, BC, V9P 1L2.

Barbara

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Patio Collection, Vol. 2 (Smilex)

Indie pop heaven from California. You got yer Pavement-powered *Old Hickory*, *Timonium* and *The Snow Queen* (speaking of which, are the boys behind *Smilex Records*). Add in the essential girl guitar-governed *Sissy Bar*, *Longstocking* and *Sweetstream USA*. Throw in a little nebulous noise, rockabilly rooted riffs, bluesy bits and a creepy conversation, and you've got the perfect mix of lo-fi (most of the time) musical genres for any finicky fellow.

arabab

VARIOUS ARTISTS Roots, Branch and Stem (Stubborn)

When's the last time you heard a compilation and didn't have to skip past any tracks? *R & B* 5 takes the best of what sk is from what sk

was from its beginnings. Comprised mostly of US bands, [and two Canadian] — *The Skanksters* and *Venice Shoreline Chris* and one from Holland *The Regulators* this disc will keep traditional fans smiling and new listeners wanting more. My favourites include *Oregon's Franceska*, *Ny's Duncia* & *Django* with the *Stable Boys*, and of course *The Slackers*!

Skot

VARIOUS ARTISTS Shreds Vol. 3 (Shredder)

Here's the third volume of *Shredder Records'* favourite 7"ers of '95, and interestingly enough, the Canadian content has grown since the last compilation. Five bands get the nod, including *Victoria's* (now defunct) *M-Blancet*, *Glenarry, Ontario's the Stand GT* and *Vancouver's* *The McRackins* and *Gob*. Other standouts are *Kentucky's* pop-punk heroes, *The Connie Dunge*, *The Parasites*, *Tillycraft*, mod-punks *The Struck*, and the short 'n' sweet ska sound of *Round Nine*. A worthwhile venture for those who don't want to spend the time or the money searching for the individual bands themselves or for those adventurous enough to check out loads of new talent.

Byce Dunn

VARIOUS ARTISTS YAK'UZ'A #8 (zine)

Why We Came Together: A Yak'uz'a Compilation
This is the first zine that I have ever owned. You know who? I kinda like it. *Yak'uz'a* is a mish mash of "dumb" stories, diary excerpts, true stories, health tips and loads more.

One of the best "dumb" stories has to do with *Andy Duvall*, the drummer of *Zen Guerrilla*. In the form of a letter, *Duvall* explains to a friend how he barfed up a black substance whilst receiving back surgery. He also describes his dream-come-true encounter with *Howard Stern* in a *Virgin Megastore* which is also accompanied by a blurry snapshot of himself waving near a bored looking *Stern*. *Duvall's* story is so dumb that it has to be funny.

Lee Ronaldo's journal is one of the best diary excerpts in this zine. I'm usually a patient reader,

but *Lee Ronaldo's* journal excerpts were super boring. *Ronaldo* describes his journey to Morocco with such intense detail that it becomes hard to read. After a while, I didn't care about the colour of bricks and the taste of Moroccan joints which he raved about so much. The only good parts of his journal were those dealing with ancient *Moroccan*!

On the serious side, *Nicole Panter* (former manager of *The Germs*) writes about her days of being a reckless and pregnant teenager. Her honesty is very refreshing.

Finally, *Yak'uz'a* also offers advice on making inexpensive films and health tips for asthma sufferers (that's me!) So, yeah, check this out. (PO Box 26039, Wilmington, DE, 19899-6039)

I have mixed feelings about the CD which accompanies the zine. There are some nifty tunes and some stinky tunes.

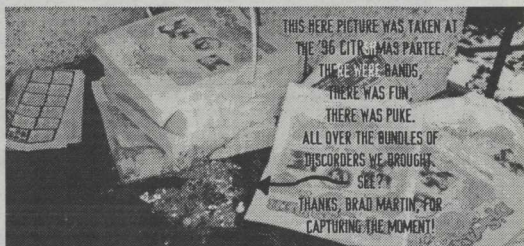
First of all, unlike *Andy Duvall's* story, *Zen Guerrilla* is not at all entertaining. The hardcore song "Lipstick" is glued together with indecipherable lyrics and noisy guitars — not my cup of tea. *The Refrigerator* track, "Misguided Airplanes," is a big disappointment. I was expecting something cool and energetic, like stuff from their *Shrimper* tapes, but this song just dragged on for too long without any real direction.

On the other hand, *Cobra Verde's* "Never My Love" is a lovely song with austere guitar work and drumming. *Caterpillar's* "Nappy" also wins my heart with its catchiness and poppy direction.

There is also spoken word by *Nicole Panter*. "Fuck You Punk Rock/1977" is a powerful piece about her escape from pain through finding punk rock. *Lee Ronaldo's* "Enroute" and "Loose Heart" and *Loren Mazzacana Connors'* "Why We Came Together" also point in the direction of spoken word. These songs have spoken word overlapped with the sound of guitars and other little noises. *Connors'* piece is far more creative than *Ronaldo's* because his piece is actually a conversation between a man and a woman.

Other artists worth checking out on this compilation include *The Matthew Shipp Trio* and *Catillon*. The rest is not so good.

Marlene



realliveaction

ROCK FOR CHOICE Friday, November 15, 1996 Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Rock For Choice is an annual musical event in its third year of operation, organized to raise funds to help maintain the right for women to control their own bodies. The vast majority of people in Canada believe that a woman has the right to an abortion, but such support is passive — the battle is still being fought on the front lines. Women need legal and safe access to abortion clinics, which keeps pro-life protesters at bay; oftentimes, a

Four performances already and barely a dent in the evening. Who else? Vancouver's veterans **Mecca Normal** performed an energetic and haunting set in a way only Mecca Normal can. Backed by the most close-perfect guitar around, Jean Smith's lyrics of empowerment were memorably reinforced by a vocal and literal circumnavigation of both floors of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre: "I walk alone/this city's my home/I'm not alone." An evening favourite for sure. Next up was **Sparkmarker**, introduced as Meegan's favourite Vancouver band. In addition

always liked their noisy and intense tunes. At this gig they seemed a lot lighter than they were before.

Behold the Prophet is a scary band from somewhere in Washington state. Basically, they were psychotic. The singer somehow managed to blow out the microphone three or four times with his screaming and gyrating. They had a fiddler in their band who looked to be at least 100 years old. The audience seemed to enjoy them, or at least laugh at their antics. I'd heard good things about **The Pee Chees** but never actu-

crying after being forced to wear the red vest. Okay, maybe I lied about the kid crying, but all the rest was true.
Chris C.

MUSCLE BITCHES FACEPULLER DAK ATTACK Friday, December 6, 1996 Magick Theatre

Enter the first band of the night, **Dak Attack**, a local four piece band with a lot of kick to their noise. Dak were originally scheduled to play with their grassroots counterparts **The Mandelbrot Set** for the opening show acts, but were forced to go it alone after a last-minute emergency cancellation by The Mandelbrots.

Actually, all things considered, **Dak Attack** made good use of their time in the limelight. I noticed for the first time just how intricate and layered their music is, and how well it all blends together, be it guitars, bass or lead singer Clay's clarinet playing.

seven(?) piece band didn't seem to care. No wonder they were so wonderfully chaotic.
James Mayer

JONATHAN RICHMAN Wednesday, December 11, 1996 St. James Hall

First heard him a few years back when I started listening to **The Modern Lovers**. I love that band. Jonathan's laughably honest song writing style and the group's **Velvet Underground**-getting-once-backrub-from-that-gorgeous-flamenco-dancer-who-can-stuff-a-full-sized-dishrag-in-each-cheek jam-out flavour, made them kings of the early god-noise movement. Well, now Jon is at that age that seems to destroy so many rock heroes, reducing them and their music to a state that reminds me of processed cheese — not Kraft, but the discount variety, bright orange and pungent after a few weeks under the couch. But praise the Maker, Clay's

Where the pulpit might have once been sits a five-piece rock drum kit, the glitter job throwing tight beams of orange and lime-coloured light in a million directions. And in place of the altar is a big vintage tube amp and a sunburst Gretsch-style hollowbody leaning casually. Enter Jon and ex-Modern Lovers drummer Johnny Avila: instantly the hall bursts in to a 90 decibel eruption of applause. And the two slam right into the first number. And the applause dies, and we all hold our breath, straining to hear the music. They're quiet. So damn quiet. People are giggling. Not in contempt though. Jon and John are rocking the hardest, yet are barely audible, and one can't help but feel giddy and happily nervous. "... He's such a little rock 'n' roll drummer, so skinny and frail ...". Yeah, buddy plays the treats. And he's always played the blues. For the younger among us, it is somewhat disturbing to

Rock For Choice '96

Team Dresch at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre

photography: James Liston

woman faces the heckling, intimidation, imposition of beliefs and violent actions which all act as barriers to choice. And that's what this night was all about: active support for all the brave people who work to keep abortion legal and safe in Canada.

The evening began with a nervous **Nathan Dillon** on acoustic guitar, whose sweet voice and acoustic charm overpowered his stage fright. Dillon then joined the second act, **Puncture**, with the admittedly tired but ever-inspirational Meegan Moultaid on vocals. Meegan was also a major organizer of the event and we'd just like to take this moment to say that she is just so fucking wicked. Puncture's politics are reflected in their lyrics and energy: "I will fight back ... Fuck you, hands off ... I will fight for my beliefs," matched by an energetic stage presence.

Unfortunately, a long evening required a falafel break for us, which resulted in sacrificing seeing **Joe Keithley** from **DOA**. But who better to digest to than **Kinnie Starr** — her poetry which spoke of her own personal experience with abortion added an interesting and important perspective to the evening. Alone on guitar and her jazzy voice, she took us on her sometimes heavy, sometimes funny trip through recovery.

to flooding the tiny dance floor with bouncing bodies for a rock-out set, **Sparkmarker's** presence at the event was a reassuring reminder of the need for male allies in the fight to keep abortion safe and legal in Canada. A reminder that men, too, have mothers, sisters and girlfriends.

And the moment we'd all been waiting for ... **Team Dresch**, all the way from Portland, Oregon. The hilarious lead singer Jodi and the kick-ass music were a fine cap to a solid evening. The brash and irreverent "politix" (that's Jodi's word) of Team Dresch were complemented by such moments as the reading of a lovely haiku written in the van on the long trek to Vancouver: I a leaf/You a droplet/I cupped the waiting/For your round wet kisses.

If you didn't come to Rock For Choice '96, you are silly because it was so much fun, it was exhausting.
Sydney and Heather Harman

THE EVAPORATORS THE PEE CHEES BEHOLD THE PROPHET SUBMISSION HOLD Saturday, November 30th, 1996 St. James Community Square

Up first at this show was **Submission Hold**. I've seen them quite a few times now, and I've

ally heard them before this show. By the time their set was finished, I was officially a fan. One of **Rocked from the Crypt** (only without the horns) because of the fleshy guitar sound, but at any rate, they shook up the crowd into a garage rock frenzy and left all gasping for air. Brilliant, I say. Brilliant.

Next came a surprise appearance by the mysterious organ and drums duo, **The Goblins**. They played a couple of tunes, and then brought out a horn and guitar, who proclaimed themselves **Three Skablines**. Who are these masked men? Will we ever know?

Moments later, **The Evaporators** took to the stage. Every one of this show got into the occasion of their set because of the amount of audience participation that Nordward required of us. The Human Serviette has obviously done a few too many glam rock band interviews because a tacky, vinyl leather vest was his clothing accessory of the evening. Nordward brought crowd members on stage a number of times during songs to don the vest — sometimes against their will. By the time they were done, the St. James Community Square was left in a mess. Nordward's organ-stand was destroyed, a large rock was smashed on the floor by a drunken man, and a little boy was

Nice job, boys; get a stage act together, and you'll kick some serious butt.

Facepuller was the next band to take the stage, and from moments one they demonstrated what it is that makes them a great band. From their trashy but audible set, featuring "classic" hits like "Homey" and "B.O.R.N.", to Bren's suave comments ("looks like a gathering of the intelligent punks here tonight"), right down to the way they can adapt themselves to any venue they're playing in, they're awesome. However, **Facepuller's** extensive ten-plus years of experience shine through live in the most important of ways: no matter where they play, with whom, or however big a crowd, they always have fun.

The Muscle Bitches were the grand finale of the evening. Sporting every kind of stage attire imaginable, (from the barest jockstrap only to the funkiest of glam metal outfits) the Bitches proceeded to teach the crowd a lesson on how to make the most of limited space in a venue. Never mind what they were singing about; most people were diving for cover as they came tearing into the audience flailing their miniature instruments at whoever happened to be in the way. Who says the Magick Theatre has a limited stage size? The six (or

our boy has managed to do things with class once again. Thanks to an unusual venue, midnight crowd, and Jonathan's gentle sense of humour and wisdom, most of us walked away quite satisfied. So it should be for \$20 a ticket.

Walk into the St. James Hall, an ex-church about the size of an elementary school gym. Sit down on highly uncomfortable church benches, especially designed to keep the congregation alert and focused. The middle-aged M.O.R./A.O.R. crowd, many sportin' baseball caps and toddlers and a healthy attitude, mad about the candlelight cash play-fest shadow, drawing the eye straight ahead to the sanctuary, the stage area of a church.

hear his lyrics now modified to include the words "ex-wife" and "middle-age," but to be honest, one would have to be within arm's reach for him to appear a day over 25. The rhythm is a locomotive, the rumble echoing from a distant valley. And the guitar is a juicy poppy, a little overripe perhaps, but only enough to make a taste really sweet.

On the down side, we hear a few classic JR anecdotes, recycled word for word, ("... I'd go up to BU; Boston University; BU, to look at the Cezannes ...") taking a bit away from the spontaneous atmosphere. But this is not a complaint. Merely an attempt at objectivity.

Andrew



Hey kids!
Turn the
page for
more real
live action!

... Live Akshun
continues...! Boo ya!

**LOLA MACLAUGHLIN
DANCE
Thin Cities
Thursday, December 12,
1996**

**Vancouver's Cultural Centre
Dancers:** Della Brett, Anne
Cooper, Susan Elliott, Marthe
Leonard, Kathleen McDonagh,
Flora McDonnell

Unclaimed Treasures: Essie,
Ena and Maude was commis-
sioned for the 1995 *Kiss Project*.

gangs in *West Side Story* and
Sally and Duke, emphasizing
the more light-hearted, mischievous
aspect of MacLaughlin's chore-
graphy and highlighting each
individual dancer's strengths and
personality.

The music by **John
Koravay**, especially commis-
sioned for this piece, provides
the perfect structure from which
the piece flows from incident to
incident. Lola MacLaughlin has
once again shown that Vancou-
ver dance has matured greatly
over the past decades. It remains

of either zealous fans or personal
friends. Though I found Mr. De-
stroyer's voice grating at first, I
really began to appreciate his
lax-tempo vocals and guitar
work later in the set. My friend
mentioned that he must listen
to a lot of **Chris Knox**, and
hearing how I haven't heard his
material, that will have to suf-
fice as a comparison.

Citroen, [best band name
I've heard in ages] were up se-
cond, complete with super-8 film
loops. Though they did get self-
conscious two songs in and

**GOLDFINGER
REEL BIG FISH
PSYCHOMANIA
Saturday, January 11
Pit Pub**

The keyboard player for the
Skeletons, the original open-
ing act for this night, has a war-
rant out for his great in Colorado,
so they were unable to attend. Fil-
ling in on a mere hours' notice was
Psychomania. Their drummer's
bass drum said **The Fiends** on
it, and I thought, "Ah... le surt-
rock. J'aimé ça." But, no...

mining along. A friend of mine
who came to see Goldfinger noted,
"I realized that they only have
about 15 minutes of cool songs and
they have to play covers to fill the
rest of the space." How true. The
only original song I liked was **Fuck
L.A.** As for covers, they brutally
murdered **The Specials'** "Nite
Klub" before turning the gun on
Bad Religion. It's a shame that
Goldfinger claims to be the **Off-
spring**, so to speak, of those bands.
hank?

**THE LEMONHEADS
POLYANNA
EVERN
Sunday, January 12
The Narabeen Sands
Sydney, NSW, Australia**
Even is a minor three-member
supergroup whose major star is
one **Wally Monnie** and whose
singer is the sardonically confused
Ashley Naylor. Punk rock ruffs
aside, they sound like a good
You Am I-style band. Their
playing was more impressive
than expected; they were tight,

The Beans at the Starfish Room

photography: Barb Yamazaki

It is a warm tribute to
MacLaughlin's three spinster
dancers. What begins as three prim
and proper ladies enjoying a spot
of tea soon gives way to the most
vigorous Irish step-dancing a tea
drinker could perform. Soon the
dancers break out into rolls and
falls with an ecstatic joy that be-
lieves the myths of the door lives
of the unwed.

While I wait (1996) reminded
me of very early film footage of
dance performances from the
1920s. The stylized choregraphy,
the sheer dresses, and the use
of music by Edward Grieg, sung
by **Anne Sophie Mutter**,
gave this piece the feeling of
something archival. This effect
could have been played up even
more, had the visuals — slides
of the German romantic era
painter **Kaspar David Friedrich** —
been clearer and more integrated
into the performance. MacLaughlin
cleverly counters the historical
leak with periodic interrup-
tions in which the dancers stop
and separate only to reform and
begin again.

The premiere piece of the
evening was *Thin Cities*, which
drew inspiration from **Halo
Calvin's Invisible Cities**. Calvin's
mystic urbanism, however,
is far different from MacLaughlin's
more hard-edgedness. The piece
begins with a storky lit and foggy set.
The dancers, clad in store-pipe
pants, white undershirts and
cropped, zippered jackets make
their entrances one by one, per-
forming what could be inter-
preted as their signature moves.
Kathleen McDonagh subverts
this by performing a dance move
of such great geekiness that the
audience dissolves into giggles.
The piece continues to sway
back and forth between a swag-
gering and serious bravado,
reminiscent of the choreo-
graphed fighting between the

to be seen when local audiences
will begin to appreciate this fact
with better attendance.
PCS

**STARFISH STARTING POINT
Tuesday, December 17, 1996
Starfish Room**

The evening was an exciting one
for three UBC students. **Geoff
Pugen**, a fine arts student;
Gabriel Ducharme, a second
year law student, and **Joe
Hiddegh**, a fourth year psychol-
ogy student, spun up an exhilar-
ating mixture of trip hop, trance
and progressive house at the
Starfish Room on this night. Cheered
on by a loyal group of fans, the
DJs wound the crowd into a vir-
tual frenzy.

This event was the first big ap-
pearance by the three, but they
were each up to the challenge,
and performed brilliantly before
the eager crowd. Vancouver DJ
James Brown was the featured
performer on this particular night.
Having to follow the stellar tracks
played by the three-man team,
James had his work cut out for
him, but his set was not dis-
appointing.

Fortunately for UBC students
who appreciate this genre of
music, Joe intimidated that his trio
and others will soon be spinning
on campus in the not-so-distant
future, provided that his idea can
achieve AMS club status.

Brook Carscallen

**THE BEANS
CITROEN
PIPEDREAM
DESTROYER
Wednesday, January 8
Starfish Room**

In a city where the local acts live
in the shadow of the big name
out-town bands, it's heartening
to see shows which demonstrate
the diversity and talent of our local
musicians. **Destroyer**
started the evening off to a crowd

turned off the projector, Citroen
played a wholly admirable set. I
can't quite pin down their style,
despite being aware of the melodic
noise-rock genre.

Pipedream had me capti-
vated from the moment they be-
gan unloading their gear, all their
gear. They have more analog
goodies than **Yes**. I counted at
least six massive synths, organs
and assorted drum machines and
echo-chambers, all of the impos-
sible-to-find variety. It's a true
shame I couldn't get into their set
half as much as I could their
equipment; though I am a fan of
space/prog rock, I err more to-
wards **The Spacemen 3** than to
Pink Floyd. Still, a technically
deft set with plenty of fillsweep
soundscapes to keep the audi-
ence happy.

Headlining the evening was
The Beans, whose exact number
eludes me — I place it somewhere
between a conservative four and
a possible seven, if you include the
modern dancer and whoever was
doing drum machines/finding at
one point. A devout follower of ex-
perimental pop myself, I found
The Beans a little too campy in the be-
ginning. They toyed around with
spoken-word, accordions and
group-huddles for a while, but even-
tually found their stride when the
stage stabilized with two guitar-
ists and two drummers. After that,
the Beans had me transfixed. Their
soundtrack-like melancholia and
full drum sound played with coun-
try, blues, and rock, though none
so overtly as to be obvious or cliché.
They played a ridiculously
long set which I only noted because
my backside was asleep from sit-
ting on the Starfish Room's floor.
To avoid possibly damaging their
reputation, I'll hold off the "sound-
track for a..." handles and say that
you should, in fact, see them, as
they are wonderful.

Jo Stuart

Psychomania was lepid Foxrock.
The good moments came when
the singer sounded like **(The Vi-
olent Femmes)** Gordon Gano
and when they played half a surf
tune. The bad moments were all
the other moments.

But no matter! They were al-
most forgotten when **Reel Big
Fish** took the stage. Horns as big
as 747's filled the room with hot
melodies. They were even more
gooder than last time... **Aaron**
climbed up the Marshall stacks
and did a cheeseball **Van
Halen** tapping solo. Dan the
trombonist spun his huge, shiny
instrument around and leaped
and yelled during the high speed
chorus chases. Their glam-sch-
punk cover of "Take On Me" ex-
celled live, possessed with an an-
archistic vibrancy that the 7" just
doesn't have. Almost everyone
around me sang along to their
final tune, "Sell Out," for
which I believe there is a video
coming soon.

Golear, if I may para-
phrase **Sloan**, "it's not the fans I
hate, it's the band." Hate may be
a strong word, but so is suck. Al-
though I don't pretend to be a
punk, I believe that one of the few
identifiable tenets of "punk eth-
ics" is that "punk" bands are sup-
posed to be "different" from
"cock-rock" bands on major "la-
bels." The first time that Pit Pub
security tried to throw a guy out
for being a little too violent, the
bold, tattooed guitarist ran out
and dragged the guy back on
stage to dance with him in or-
der to show how much they love
their fans. This is my [expletive
deleted] party," he growled.

The most obnoxious thing was
that Goldfinger kept saying, "They
dude, I mean, grabbing a girl's
tits when she's in a mosh pit is
like, not cool," and then singing
about grabbing a girl's tits, and

**MARILYN MANSON
L7
PNE Forum**

Wednesday, January 15
L7, a seemingly incongruous
opening act and yet quite a fit-
ting one, rocked as best they
could [yes, they played
"Shitlist"], despite the muddy
Manson crowd. That is, the ma-
jority of people who are gonna
pay 30 bucks to enter a cold,
concernous venue to see a show
are probably too giddy with an-
ticipation of the headliner to
even take notice of the opener.
However, that is not to say the
audience was hostile or inatten-
tive... as usual, even the
roadies received rabid cheers.
The sold-out crowd, a harmoni-
ous blend of textbook examples
of metalheads, goths, punks,
and jocks were in fine spirit. It
should be noted that L7 bassist
Gail Greenwood has hooked up
with a girl who is a lot closer
to her own metalness than
her last (**Belly**), but
y'know, she's still even more
metal than L7.

For weeks prior to this show,
I'd read previews and reviews
proclaiming the chaos and may-
hem of a **Marilyn Manson**
show, as well as attacks criticizing
the band for being nothing
more than **Trent Reznor**
proteges, an **Alice Cooper** rip-off,
all image and no substance. And
yet, I'd also read numerous in-
terviews from which I perceived
Marilyn Manson to be a most
charismatic, articulate, and in-
telligent individual. What he
said made sense to me. Amazing,
this is what's on the charts
these days alongside **No
Doubt**, **Bush X** and **Celine
Dion**. Wow.

Olive Westhook

they were loud, and they were
most enjoyable.

Polyanna has enjoyed
quite a bit of popularity, garner-
ed mostly because of singer/
guitarist **Matt Handley's**
songwriting. Live, they are good
if a little "static," as one of my
fellow gig-goers put it. They
don't move around and they
don't really chat, but they do
their songs (usually melanc-
cholic tunes with either super-
catchy or hauntingly lovely
melodies) justice and the
crowd loves 'em. And isn't that
what counts?

Former **Lemonheads**
bassist **Nic Dalton** was once
asked what the best thing was
about **The Lemonheads** and he
replied that it was **Evan
Dando's** voice. Thankfully, that
voice was in its best form ever
and **Dando** appeared before
the microphone as the laconic,
velvet-toned icon that he is.
Dalton has been replaced by
guitarist **Gilbert** and drummer
Ryan (Dinosaur Jr.). The
Lemonheads have never
sounded so cohesive; this may
be due to the fact that **Dando**
has toned down his offstage an-
tics or to the fact that his band
just clicks. Either way, it's only
a bonus for the punters.

The set comprised mostly of
tracks off *Car Button Cloth* with
a couple of *Ray and Come on
Feel*... songs thrown in. It
wasn't a remarkable gig, but
it did exemplify **Dando's**
amazing gift for melody and,
of course, that voice. Perhaps
I've seen them too often, so I
knew what to expect and
therefore wasn't wildly en-
gaged by the spectacle; the
people I went with had never
seen them before and thought
they were fantastic.

Sophie Hamley

february'97 LONG VINYL february'97 SHORT VINYL february'97 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 the evaporators	united empire loyaliste	nardwuar
2 various artists	team mint	mint
3 descendente	everything sucks	epitaph
4 jon epencer blues expl.	now i got worry	matador
5 the molestics	tropic of hokum	blue lizard
6 veda hille	epine	independent
7 huevos rancheros	get outta dodge	mint
8 rheostatics	the blue hysteria	raise a little
9 various artists	hard core logo soundtrack	bmj
10 heavenly	operation heavenly	k
11 various artists	emoother and wild vol. 1	blue lizard
12 go sailor	go sailor	lookout
13 team dresch	captain my captain	chainsaw
14 enfu	fyulaba	epitaph
15 elvez	gl ay, ay! blues	big pop
16 various artists	yo yo a go go	yoyo
17 phono-comb	fresh gasoline	quarterstick
18 yo la tengo	genius + love	matador
19 weesley willie	feel the power	american
20 the hi fives	and a whole lotta you!	lookout
21 eit'n'epin	pappy's corn squeeze'n planet	pimp
22 the pumons	by surprise	independent
23 luscious jackson	fever in fever out	grand royal
24 various artists	heide eez	lookout
25 the apples in stereo	science faire	epinart
26 the inbreds	its eydney or the bush	pftag
27 dino martinis	...collector's lounge	independent
28 dub narcotic w/ lois	ehp to shore	k
29 zumpano	goin' through changes	sub pop
30 mr. quintron	the first two records	bulb
31 apace kid	cereal	humongous
32 dbe	if the music's loud enough	nefer
33 oval	94 diskont	caroline
34 michelle shockd	kind hearted woman	bmj
35 various artists	jabberjazz: ...sweet hell	mammoth

1 the hanson brothers	the hockey song	essential noise
2 mecca normal	paris in april	k
3 killdozer	sonnet '96	lemist
4 guided by voices	plantations of pale pink	matador
5 violent nine	punkabilly rules, ok?	little boy
6 hayden	carry-on mentality	landpeed
7 teen titans	more songs, less music	peek a boo
8 suicide kings	eh's dead	intensive
9 elevator to hell	backwards may	sub pop
10 kitty craft	its stupid	soda girl
11 starlight conspiracy	big beautiful drive-in	catapult
12 dj food	sonic soup	milo
13 seabadoh	princess	sub pop
14 kactus	summer vacation	sonorama
15 squirrel nut zippers	hell	mammoth
16 the dictators	i am right	norton
17 elliot	1995	fresh bread
18 bill ding	make it pretty	hefty
19 tricky woo	the claw	mag wheel
20 poled/hayden	epit	squirtgun
21 cheeseburger	happy hill	scotch pooch
22 maroon cardigan	no science of a conscience	loaf
23 white trash deb's	my guy's name is rudolf	two-o-six
24 placebo4	sailor boy	ehp & anchor
25 the detroit cobras	ain't it a shame	scotch pooch
26 atomic boy	i wanna destroy	hipnotic
27 scenic	eage	lpr
28 duotang	the message	mint
29 the flies	teen challenge	empty
30 triske belden/egghead	epit	dizzy
31 bust	epin up	radiopaque
32 the kent 3	basketball medicine	super electro
33 junior variety	got to the ice cream...	peekaboo
34 yum yum tree	riot up your ass	vital
35 ugly beauty	rotten	lux

1 kinle etarr	devil's claw
2 submission hold	ed anger
3 10 ft. henry	oh oh
4 the colorific	747 (now i see heaven)
5 gaze	jellybeans
6 etratochief	she shoots, she scores!
7 euphonix	let's get out of these monkey suits
8 celestial magenta	the first one
9 the stupes	develina
10 jackass	reality bites in santa barbara
11 led 49	vitamin k
12 hiseyfit	s.h.e.
13 the hounds of bukevville	sorry
14 ticketrate parade	audience with the pope
15 epm	justly/glory to god
16 trapazoid	garden of eden
17 destroyer	karen is in rome
18 the pirates	the pirate song
19 preston	planetra
20 something aka	mr. rousetabout
21 universal lounge act	supercar
22 nec	she knows
23 captain bloody america	what is blue?
24 violet	i step on all the cracks
25 mizmo	tarantino cringe
26 dave land	monkeys in the zoo
27 michelle wong	hop
28 daddy's hands	statistic wige
29 1000 stamps	poster child
30 jp5	fuzz/head pills
31 flehburger	big ass burger
32 petrolia	sweet industry
33 the molestics	now's the time
34 readymade	first base is sleeping
35 back room shag	the back of your head

hearsay spoken word top 10

1 various artists	vox impopuli	vox
2 kinle etarr's bk lounge	learning to cook	violent inch
3 todd stove davis	sun and moon ...	tertium non data
4 various artists	pacific rhythm: the first wave	eye-Q
5 various artists	united states of poetry	mouth almighty
6 hydrophos	sinus	vox
7 various artists	radio freedom	rounder
8 ralph	olympia 68	bongo heart
9 4 conquest	conquest 3	rez erection
10 radio free vestibule	sketches, songs and shows	lorpo

SKA-T'S TOP 10 SKA-KIN TUNES

1 bruce lee band	honga la mato you	dill
2 venice shoreline chris	cedaring	moon
3 slackers	runaway	moon
4 unsteady	what kind of	foul
5 skagholins	sales iii	raj
6 kingpins	beatgirl	stomp
7 hands of buxville	sorry	indie
8 plant smashers	80 bus	jumptart
9 toasters/laurel aiken	speak your mind	moon
10 let's go bowling	el cumbiadelso	moon

CITR

charts

BITCH BITCH BITCH ... BITCH BITCH BITCH ... BITCH BITCH BITCH ...

1 it seems that no one can pronounce 'February'
2 SOMEONE changed the clocks in the office to the correct time, and miko is always late
3 tristan learned that sobbing like a sissy will get you nowhere with the SUB proctor
4 the hotwater overheated
5 tristan started night classes
6 so did miko
7 barb got the blues
8 so did miko
9 tristan became depressed by miko getting depressed about barb being depressed
10 we found out that discordance should never be brought to citr parties (see pg 22)

advertising that's built to last

822-3017 (ext.3) for info

on the dial

CiTR

101.9 fm

SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Tans open.
THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae in all styles and fashion.
RADIO BLUE WARSAW 5:00-6:00PM Join him & Helen for another month of travels. Bring Conflict!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's. Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhangras, and also Quawwalis, Folk Songs, etc.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary pop - 21 research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KJFC Los Angeles, California.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop your gear and stay up late. Naked radio for naked people. Get bent. Love Dave.

MONDAYS
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-skins, James and Peter, offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM With your hosts the Gourd of Ignorance. What will we play today? Rog will put it away.

MEKANIKAL BUFFONEERY 1:00-3:00PM Two shows became one! An hour of Mekanikal Objekt Noise (industrial/nois/techno) and an hour of Skintight Buffonery (lounge, jazz, britpop) june_xcudeler@mindink.bc.ca

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavor to feature dead art, verbal flavescence (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer - can you say minimalist? - and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Meat in your requests, because I am not a human-consuming machine. Got a quarter that call someone who cares.

THE CANUCK STOPS HERE 4:00-5:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-so-Gavin Walker. Features of 11 Feb. 3: Randy Weston and his sextet

Feb. 10: Guitarist Ralph Towner and double bassist Gary Peacock w/ "Circle"
 Feb. 17: Les Morgan (trumpet) and quintet
 Feb. 24: Cannibal Adderly & Bill Evans
DRUMNY SPACE 4:00-5:00PM Jazz, breaks & the silence in between @ 1:00pm.

TUESDAYS
LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX 11:30-1:00PM alt. Join forces with a samurai warrior-sensei gone wrong. Power politics, the rock, and more!
UCORICKE ALSOUTS 11:30-1:00PM alt. An eclectic music show. Phone in and request!

RADIO FREE WOMEN 3:00-5:00PM
IKRA 5:00-6:00PM News, issues, and concerns facing Muslims throughout the world.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the unheard of hardly heard are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dale Sawyer. Hand up!

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your local hosts Rolando, Romy, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favorites. Latin music so hot

it'll give you a tan! **RADIO SABROSAILI**
NAKED RADIO 4:00-10:00PM-12:00AM From Thelonious Monk to Meridith Monk ... we'll play it. Genre-busting, cutting-edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative label/artist features. Join Mike and Sean.

WITHDOCTOR HIGHBALL 4:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living tip's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised.

WEDNESDAYS
LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM If you can't make sense of it, and that bothers you, go somewhere else.
THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW 2:00-3:00PM "better a brat than a beauty queen"
MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Iat those who ride decide!"
ESOTERIK 4:00-7:30PM Ambient/ electronic/industrial/ethnic/ experimental music for those of us who know about the illithids.

SOLID STATE 4:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Path.
AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM gastr del, movietone, miranda july, blonde rehash ... these are a few of our favorite things. In la la

TROPICAL DAQUIRI 9:00-10:00PM Zouk, Soukous, Samba, Salsa. Tril Even Soa. Enjoy! **TRIPDAQUIRI** with El Doctor del Ritmo.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLINDR 12:00-12:00AM alt. DJ's Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhurral "Chakkh de phutti" Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes - remixes and originals. Braaaaah!

THURSDAYS
FILIBUSTER 4:00-11:00AM Real hill billy, pyrrhic music and an occasional flail. Caution: high in fibre!
MUSIC FOR ROBOTS 4:00-11:00AM The Robotic Revolution is coming, be prepared: vote robot. Psychotronic excitement w/ female automaton Fembot.
CANADIAN LUNCH 12:00-1:00PM From Torino to Grande, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie, the all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!
STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crushing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.
JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM For some cool jazz by some swingin' singers and boppin' players, tune in and don't miss out on some happy time!
OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.
ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

Roots of rock & roll.
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bands from 10-11. Feb 13: the Wind-ups.
DISTORTED CIRCUITRY 1:00-4:00AM DJ Morgan le Fay brings you the latest info and tunes in the realm of electro/industrial & synthcore. Hard beats to invigorate your late night angst.

FRIDAYS
VENUS FLYTRAPS LOVE DEN 8:30-11:00PM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here ... and bring some ice. XXXX
TELESIS 10:00-11:00AM Tune in for discussions, interviews & information relating to people who live with physical & mental challenges.
SKA-T'S SCENE-HI DRIVE! 11:00AM-12:00PM Featuring the death-defying sounds of ska - old and new - with Julie and Scotty.

KNEPTUNE'S ROOM 12:00PM-1:00PM As Charlie Brown once said: Schroeder: "pinky, pinky, pink, all day long! Good Grail!"
LUCKY SCRATCH 1:00-2:00 PM Swing on the gullows plate and gyr the dose of blues in the afternoon. Hosts Anna and Andy.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30 PM Kiki Lili
NARDUARWU THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS ... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good brownie!

NATION 2 NATION 4:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style music/mix radio.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS 4:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African music around the world.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* Series.
HOMELESS 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noach, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homeless.
LIMP SINK 12:00-2:00AM Hosted by the G42 players. "The show that doesn't hate you." With your friendly pals Fris Fritter Abfackel and Potomac Pat. Alternating with Dr. Killdare Contact: limpsink@broken.norah.org

LUICID SOUL 2:30-4:00AM Dr. Killdare plunders even further into the wee hour domain where he can't keep security guards and 7-11 clerks awake. Waywayway deep down stuff and other hallucinogenic fucked-upness.

SATURDAYS
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus World Cup Report! 11:30AM. 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Garage, Bathed and Metal Rock the drums.

THE SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Strictly Hip Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly Vinyl! With your hosts Mr. Checka, Flip Out & Swing on the 1 & 2's!
LIVE AT THE H-HAT 11:00PM-1:00AM "Live" - shows and bands - mission \$6.00 - Performers are subject to change."

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
	THE CITR MORNING SHOW / BBC WORLD SERVICE							
8								8
9	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Punker than you!	musical interludes	Venus Flytraps Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE	9
10				DIGITAL ALARM	musical interludes	Telesis		10
11		THE STUPID RADIO SHOW	Licence M-words LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX	CHRONOMETER	CANADIAN LUNCH	Ska-t's Soma Drive		11
12	NEWS	MEKANIKAL BUFFONEERY	pink kitty power hour	love sucks	Steve and Mike	LUCKY SCRATCH	POWER	12
1	ROCKERS SHOW		Polyfiller	MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW	Justin's time	Little twi Stars	CHORD	1
2	WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SNUBLE	Meat-Eating Vegan	RADIO FREE WOMEN	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDUARWU	AFRICAN SHOW/ THE LAST DEK	2
3		Radio Blue Tazew	THE CITR DINNER REPORT				hearsay	3
4		QUEER FM	Flaming Caterpillar	Awara House	ESOTERIK/ SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	nation to nation / African Rhythms	4
5			The Canuck Stop Here / hip hop habi	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	synaptic sandwich	5
6								6
7								7
8								8
9								9
10	GeeTaNaJaLi	THE JAZZ SHOW	RITMO LATINO	tropical daquiri	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	live at the high hat	10
11	ONE STEP BEYOND: RADIO FREE AMERICA		NAKED RADIO/ withdoctoer highball	str8 outta jallundar	Sector 7 / groove jumping		REBEL JAZZ	11
12								12
1								1
2								2
3								3
4								4

HEY YOU! YA YOU!
 HELP OUT WITH INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY! WE NEED PEOPLE TO PLAY MUSIC, DISCUSS ISSUES, AND JUST BE AROUND SO WE NEVER EVER GET LONESOME AGAIN!!! JUST CALL 822.1242 FOR MORE INFO.

WHOM & HOW

Arts: Kiley Frithen
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february datebook



FRI JAN 31 Veda Hille-Railway...Tricky/A Guy Called Gerold (sold out)Richard's...Black Market Babies/Mach III's-Niagara...Skaville/Hounds of Buskerville-Town Pump...Sal Ferreras (part of Kiss Project-Performance Works...Basquiat/Shot Andy Warhol-Ridge...)

SAT 1 Stephen Fearing (part of Kiss Project-Performance Works...Veda Hille-Railway...Local H-Town Pump...Coco Love Alcorn-Cafe Deux Solis...Fear of Drinking-South Hill Candy Shop...Basquiat/Shot Andy Warhol-Ridge...)

SUN 2 Guttermouth/Assorted Jelly Beans-Seyllyn Hall (all ages)...Vancouver New Music Ensemble-Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Greg Keelor/John Borra-Arts Club Theatre...Young Artists Showcase (part of Kiss Project-Performance Works...Simon Frisk Duo-Anderson's...Basquiat/Shot Andy Warhol-Ridge...)

MON 3 Hype/This is Spinal Tap-Ridge...Made (showcase)-Gale...)

TUE 4 Hype/This is Spinal Tap-Ridge...Ross Barrett-South Hill Candy Shop...)

WED 5 Eating Disorder Weak Benefit feat. Dirty Harriets/Work to Rule/Dak Attack/The Liminals/The Mandelbrot Set-Starfish...Death In Venice-Pac. Cinematheque...Swingers/Trees Lounge-Ridge...)

THU 6 Cannibal Corpse/Brutal Truth/Immolation-Starfish...Beck/Olivia Tremor Control (sold out)-UBC Rec. Centre...2% Cherry/Mizmo-Railway...Swingers/Trees Lounge-Ridge...)

FRI 7 CTR PRESENTS LUSCIOUS JACKSONRage...The Beans w/ guests-Sugar Refinery...Rheotistics/Inbreeds-Vogue...Dan Bern-Starfish (early show)...Hard Core Logo/Highway 61-Ridge...)

SAT 8 CTR PRESENTS WAILING SOULSGraceland...Speed Buggy/Bossanova/Gaze-Van. Press Club...New Wave-Ac-Ake-Railway...Soul Coughing/Raspunita (sold out)-Starfish...Ronnie Hayward Trio-South Hill Candy Shop...Hard Core Logo/Highway 61-Ridge...)

SUN 9 Glass Slipper benefit feat. Gypsylora/Sal Ferreras/Celso Machado/Coco Love Alcorn/Christine Duncan & more...Celebrating Black History Month (films & videos by and about black lesbians and gays)-Pac. Cinematheque...Soul Coughing/Raspunita-Starfish...Hard Core Logo/Highway 61-Ridge...)

MON 10 Big Sugar/Big Rude Jake-Rage...Celebrating Black History Month-Pac. Cinematheque...Microcosmos/Angels and Insects-Ridge...)

TUE 11 Microcosmos/Angels and Insects-Ridge...)

WED 12 Real McKenzies-Thunderbird Entertainment Centre (N. Van)...Aberation/Mardor/The Gathering-Starfish...Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media-Ridge...)

THU 13 Dead Head Miles/Sleeve/Sir Hedgheog-Starfish...The Man with a Movie Camera/Strike-Pac. Cinematheque...Manufacturing Consent-Ridge...)

FRI 14 YouthCo AIDS Society benefit feat. Puncture/Stickshift/Plains of Abraham/Nineironspitfire/Trial/OBS-Horh Road Hall (104th Ave. & 148th St., Surrey - ALL AGES)...CTR PRESENTS screening of *Half-Cocked*-Theatre E (7:30pm)...Jazzmanian Devils-Railway...)

SAT 15 CTR PRESENTS DIGGING CTHONIC CULTURE- A night of underground pop and performance with **MECCA NORMAL, LOIS, REFLECT REFLECT, MOCKET, gaze**-Anza Club...Squirrel Nut Zippers-Gate...Thrill Squad/Volumizer/BMX-Cinema...Queazy/Catcutler/Flux-Starfish...Time Waits-South Hill Candy Shop...Punkaoke-Railway...)

SUN 16 Rob Hamilton Duo-Anderson's...Nicolai Church/Naked Among Wolves-Pac. Cinematheque...)

MON 17 Nicolai Church/Naked Among Wolves-Pac. Cinematheque...Michael Collins/The Crying Game-Ridge...)

TUE 18 Roswells-Railway...Michael Collins/The Crying Game-Ridge...)

WED 19 His Names is Alive-Starfish...Roswells-Railway...Looking For Richard/Twelfth Night-Ridge...)

THU 20 Helen Goe-South Hill Candy Shop...Veal/Brundalfy-

Railway...Looking For Richard/Twelfth Night-Ridge...)

FRI 21 Easy Big Fella CD release w/ The Malchits/Hounds of Buskerville-Niagara...Mollies Revenge-Railway...Krista Jeanne Sheffield-South Hill Candy Shop...)

SAT 22 The Malchits-South Hill Candy Shop...Mollies Revenge-Railway...Easy Big Fella/Trenchant/Skovengers-venue tba (ALL AGES)...Thrill Squad/Eugene Ripper-Van. Press Club...)

SUN 23 Type O Negative/Sister Machine/Gun/Drain-Starfish...)

MON 24 Grrris with Guitars-Railway...Romeo and Juliet/Strictly Ballroom-Ridge...)

TUE 25 The Emphys-Railway...Romeo and Juliet/Strictly Ballroom-Ridge...)

WED 26 DJ Spooky/Ben Neil-Chameleon...Withnail and I/Delicatessen-Ridge...)

THU 27 Dal Did Dog-Railway...Withnail and I/Delicatessen-Ridge...)

FRI 28 Dal Did Dog-Railway...Synthetic Pleasures/I am Cuba ('til Mar. 6)-Ridge...)

Special events

GLASS SLIPPER FIRE BENEFIT at Vogue Theatre, Feb. 9, 6pm. Gypsylora, Sal Ferreras, Celso Machado, Brad Turner Quartet, Coco Alcorn, Christine Duncan and more! Tix \$25/15.

DIGGING CTHONIC CULTURE: AN ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE UNDERGROUND. CA, 1997, Feb. 14-16. Interdisciplinary conference, featuring panels on music, image appropriation, sex, etc. Addresses by Dr. Will Straw (McGill U.) & Thomas Frank (*The Baffler*) at UBC, film screening (*Half-Cocked, Lost Book Found*, etc.) at Theatre E (254 E. Hastings @ Main), & concert (Mecca Normal, Lois, Sue P. Fox, Mocket, gaze) at Anza Club. For more info: 876.4241.

WETSPACE PERFORMANCE SERIES: Fri, Feb. 7 - Part III: "Six Gun Sufi," "A simnin' singin' Cowboy/Indian plucks and yodels tunes of love and death in the lawless West." Sat, Feb. 15 - Part IV "Radio Hades," "The Orpheus myth retold..." All events at the Havana Gallery (1212 Commercial Dr.), 8pm, tix \$10.

KISS PROJECT: Feb. 11-23 at Performance Works, Granville Island. 15 performances each night, all 5 minute creations with a kiss and a moment of silence or stillness. 8pm, some matinees. Tix \$20, info: 606.6425.

VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL JAZZ ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP: over 20 players will perform Feb. 17-23 at three separate venues (Hot Jazz Club, St. Andrew's Wesley Church, Vancouver Community College Theatre).

WOMEN IN VIEW FESTIVAL: Feb. 20-23, various venues. 9th annual performing arts festival, showcasing all the coolest female folk around! Theatre, dance, reading writers, playreadings, music, cabaret, networking sessions, plus First Nations performance series. Not to be missed! Info/tix: 606.6428.

everything you need to know about everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance) 488 6319
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Main) 874 3777
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant) 876 7178
Art Hallies 684 2787
Bastix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie) 689 7724
Bockalogue Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald) 732 5087
Cafe Deux Solis 2059 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant) 873 1251
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davis (at Burrard) 689 3180
CN Theatre 999 Canada Place 682 4229
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 683 3757
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1531
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown) 683 5637
Crawtown Theatre 316 W. Hastings (Hastown) 689 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End) 682 2201
DVR 515 Davis (downtown) 682 4388
Edison Electric Gallery/Cafe 916 Commercial (the Drive) 255 4162
Finchall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0976
Food Not Bombs Vancouver 872 1017
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
George Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown) 822 9364
Gastown Music Hall 6 Powell (Gastown) 689 0649
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown) 684 8344
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
Greig's Place 4544 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack) 795 3334
The Grid Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kilburn) 738 5111
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
Jehicho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Latin Club 455 Abbott (Gastown) 685 7777
Lois's 3934 Main 875 9858
Luv-A-Fix 1275 Seymour (downtown) 685 3288
Malcolm Lowry Room 4123 E. Hastings (N. Burnaby) 685 0143
Mars 1220 Richards (downtown) 230 4485
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Niagara Hotel Pub 435 W. Pender (downtown) 689 7573
Ochay Imports 534 Seymour (downtown) 669 6644
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown) 682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 3456
The Ripe 270 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 822 3221
Pit & basement, Student Union (downtown) (UBC) 682 6273
Pit Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593
The Ripe 270 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 525 0371
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour) 681 1625
Richards On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown) 687 6794
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave) 738 1111
Rushton Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown) 874 6200
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown) 687 6355
Southall Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th) 876 7463
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown) 681 8915
Sugar Railway 1115 Granville (downtown) 988 2473
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 683 6695
Thunderbird Entertainment Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 682 7767
Town Tower 339 W. Hastings (downtown) 683 6695
Town Pump 66 Water (Gastown) 682 7767
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown) 682 7767
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown) 682 8550
UBC CINEMA (located in the SUB) 822 2697
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC) 822 0999
The Underground 1082 Granville (downtown) 254 9578
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Vancouver (at Victoria) 876 4165
Vancouver Life Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 738 7015
Vanity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2223
Voy/Whoo! 2412 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 2999
Video to Studio 1045 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6127
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave (at Main) 876 9343
White Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main) 254 5882
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive) 732 4128
Women in Print 3556 W. 4th (Kilburn) 681 9253
Zoo Records 1809 W. 4th (Kilburn) 738 3232

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE MARCH ISSUE IS FEBRUARY 19TH!

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

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Hop into H.G. Wells' Time Machine, set the dials to rock and let's jump back to 1960, when a barely known company in London, England unleashed the impressive line of tubular amplified Rock and Roll would be ideal for years to come, and who would have guessed to think what a psyched-out rumble washed up on our own Canadian shores. Update your history books with this concise testament of stringing tunes, fuzzed-up hooks for the freckling and pecking new breed. Let's do the time warp again with the likes of **The Gruesomes, The Fiends, The Smugglers, Shadowy Men** and more!

14" CD

CIBO MATTO

Super Relax CD-EP

In the zero gravity room, sound bits swirl, chunks of breathy words float, and the New York delicacy that is **Cibo Matto** pines your atmosphere, busting your head-ers bubble with grooves to move yet **Cibo Matto** have two turntables and a microphone too, and **Super-Relax** is where it's off

9" CD-EP

DAMON JURADO

Waters Avenue S CD

Everyone knows **Seb Papp's** stable has depth, but just how much is demonstrated on this new orchestrated pop long-player by ex-College guy **Damon Jurado**. A gem in the 7-inch bin. **Mr. Jurado** now adapts his solo quill with fine breath to the full length format, delivering a knock-out record with beloved tone and emotion. Surprise yourself with a walk down **Waters Avenue S**, it soon becomes beautiful Kabbalah!

16" CD

BETH ORTON

Touch Me With Your Love CD-EP

Hot on the heels of her ambitiously delicious 1996 long player **Trailer Park**, **Beth Orton** continues to carve out her initials in the only true left standing in the tip hop amusement park. Avoid the lingo at the water slides, choosing instead to let the leaves of **Beth Orton's** folklore cover you in their crisp melodies.

9" CD-EP

PAVEMENT

Brighten The Corners CD/LP/Cassette

Still slanted and enchanted, **Pavement** are the sharp cut cornerstone of alleyways and viaducts carrying pop's sweet waters to the city place. Transcending their fall/**Seac** Youth hybrid roots, **Pavement** have long mastered their own "personality" currency, paying out brother, paying out - **Brighten the Corners** pays out blue chip dividends with each listen, each critical moment, each loving embrace. Oh **Pavement!** Available Feb. 11th.

16" CD 10" LP 10" Cassette

ELEVENTH DREAM DAY

The 8th CD

Aach yes... it's a cool, musty February night and you keep peering through your apartment, trying and trying to find that piece of music to fuel the yearning within you. Enter stage left one of the most anticipated records of the year from a band that consistently produces creative, inspiring music. All hail the new **Eleventh Dream Day** record... produced by **John McVie**, and played by a group of Chicago's finest musicians, this latest full length builds on everything that made 1995's **Ursa Major** such a phenomenal recording. The search is over my friend. Available Feb. 11th.

16" CD

JUNE OF 44

Anatomy of Sharks CD-EP / 12"

June of 44 like to rock, but they do so perceptively, without resorting to tired and true conventions. They get in there, feel around, and follow the progression of the music as it happens, as it works itself out. Carefully balancing precision with flexibility, allowing the players to jam around within a structure without losing focus of the main theme. **June of 44** continue to develop in skill and resourcefulness, and this new EP is the latest document. So far, so good.

10" CD-EP 8" 12"

AUTECHRE

Evane CD-EP

Electronic music is a rapidly developing genre growing in depth, size and diversity. The better artists are rising to the top, defining and confounding the style and movement of direction, establishing new conditions for innovation. **Autechre** have actively participated in the forefront of this movement with cool, well-structured and intelligent works. **Evane** does the job.

9" CD-EP

TRANS AM

Surrender to the Night CD/LP

The contemporary currents of exploration and rediscovery in pop music are well exemplified by **Trans Am**. They effortlessly combine rock and electronics with equal wit, enthusiasm and competence on this sophomore long player. **Trans Am** are less interested in reinvention as they are in defining a sound that works for them - one that still recognizes previous work by others, yet without falling into kitsch or cliché. This is the record that will push "postrock" into general recognition - and rightfully (righteously) so; this excellent record deserves to be heard by all (eventually it's good). If hybridization, variety and eclecticism are common, popular adjectives describing lifestyles and more, then friend, **Trans Am** have got it going on.

14" CD 10" LP

BUILT TO SPILL

Perfect from Now On CD

Lost on the freeway as dusk approaches, a single guitar can be heard off in the distance. Drawn to the sound, you kill the engine and get out of the car. The single sound builds to a crescendo. Sweeping blasts of mellotron and keyboards push the sun under the horizon just as an unlikely voice from the sky tells you everything will be **Perfect From Now On**. You realize then that you were never lost at all and like everyone else under the disappearing sun you've been **Built To Spill**.

16" CD

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COLD CUT - Crash the System 2x12"
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PIGEONHEAD - The Full Sentence CD



Prices in effect until February 28th, 1997